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CAMPING OUT IN CALIFORNIA

A stylized, high-contrast illustration of a tent and a campfire. The tent is positioned in the center, with a campfire to its right. The entire graphic is rendered in a white, stippled or woodcut-like style against a dark background.

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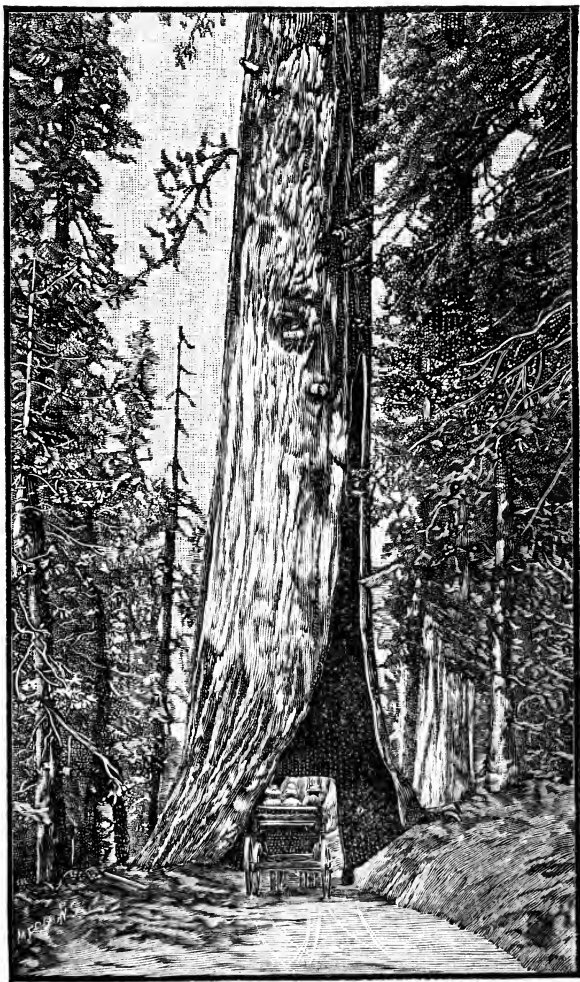
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CAMPING OUT
IN
CALIFORNIA.

BY

MRS. J. B. RIDEOUT,

Author of "SIX YEARS ON THE BORDER," etc.



R. R. PATTERSON

429 Montgomery St.

San Francisco.

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GIFT

Parsons

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CAMPING OUT IN CALIFORNIA.



CHAPTER I.

THE GIGANTIC REDWOODS.

In the month of July I received an invitation to go with a party of young folks. They were to take a large wagon and roam "over the mountains and far away," pitching their tents wherever night found them, and cooking their provisions the old-fashioned way over a camp-fire in a *dutch oven* and a long-handled frying pan.

I must confess I felt dubious about starting, but after the comforting assurances that if we were upset down some steep mountain side, or if wild beasts devoured us, or a band of robbers carried us away, they would all willingly bear me company in each and every

trouble, I consented to cast in my lot with the rest.

There were seven of us, but as I have not asked permission, I shall not give their true names, but will call some of them Linnie, Will, Eda, Ben and Harry; all in their teens except Harry, and he as brave and eager for fun as the others.

After the provisions, bedding, tent and *etceteras* were packed in the wagon it did not look as if there was room for the living portion of the load, but when we safely *stowed* away we had comfortable seats.

Traveling northward, we journeyed along Clear Lake, situated near the centre of Lake County. It is a beautiful sheet of water which we have heard tourists say reminded them of the Sea of Galilee.

The bosom of the lake is disturbed by a light breeze, that causes the waves and ripples to sparkle in the sunlight as if covered with millions of flashing

diamonds, while beautiful capes shaded with the dark green of the oak and the light green of the manzanita, shoot out in the lake, and the reflection of mountain and cape and foliage is wondrously lovely, for the dazzling sunlight reflected from mountains on every side, turns this body of water into a grand mirror in which the pinnacles with oak and pine can look down and see their fair faces and giant forms. On the western side is "Uncle Sam," the loftiest mountain in the county, and nestling close under its shadows is "Soda Bay," a delightful resort for invalids or pleasure seekers. The grounds around the hotel are extensive and shady, and scattered here and there under the trees are little cottages and tents.

Soda Bay receives its name from the quantity of mineral springs bubbling up through the water of the lake near the shore. The largest and most boisterous of these is situated in a reef that extends into the lake, and over it they

have built a bath house, and bathing in its tepid waters is found very beneficial to nearly all invalids.

We should have found it extremely warm through the valley but for the canvas cover on the wagon which sheltered us from the rays of the sun.

Before night we came to a sign-board marked "Two miles to Pearson Springs." We had heard of this health resort and turned aside to visit it. It is in a quiet little nook surrounded by mountains. The springs are a curiosity, displaying a wonderful freak of bountiful nature. There are four springs in a strata of rock on the mountain side, about forty feet above the hotel. It is but three hundred feet from the first to the last, yet they are all entirely different mineral, iron, soda, magnesia and sulphur, and all very strong and of remarkable curative power. The sulphur water is not unpleasant to the taste but it has an exceedingly disagreeable odor

They told us that a few feet higher

up the mountain we would find the whiskey spring, but as we were all "Good Templars" we did not care to visit it.

We had great fun pitching our tent and making down our beds for the first time. We filled our coarse ticks with hay, and if they were not quite equal to spring beds, they served the same purpose, for we all slept soundly and well.

About two miles on our journey in the morning we came to Blue Lakes, a very pleasant resort for tourists; and from there our way wound upward around the side of a high mountain.

The view was delightful. Before us rose the oak-crowned mountain. Behind us lay the little valley, and from the trees we could still see the bright green festoons of the wild grape vines swaying gently to and fro in the breeze, forming a pleasing contrast to the brilliant scarlet of the poison-oak, which flecked the landscape everywhere,

giving tone and color to the most sombre place. Below us on the right rested the three lakes like lovely turquois gems with a mountain setting.

Before sunset we had crossed the mountain and reached a small town in the valley, where we camped over the Sabbath. Each had taken a Sunday suit, so we had the pleasure of listening to an excellent service.

Monday morning our way led up another mountain and some one told us it was ten miles to Shadyside, the first good resting place. The weather was hot, and after the first few miles the mountain was so steep that the young folks walked; then the miles lengthened out until we were ready to assert that we had come twenty at least, when around a turn in the road we found a large trough filled with water from a cold spring near by, and a camping ground.

There were three other wagon loads of campers enjoying the shade, and we

were sorry to learn that they were going in the opposite direction.

After a good lunch we started on and in a short time were among the gigantic redwoods. Words give but a faint idea of the appearance of these grand old monarchs of the forest, so large and tall and straight, tapering gradually to the far away tops. We were all quite excited and looked out first on one side and then on the other, and every few minutes the boys would jump out and measure a tree, until they found one that was over forty feet in circumference and even then they were not satisfied, but wanted to measure another one that looked a little larger.

It was now cool and pleasant, and we soon began to go down, down the mountain, whirling around short turns and still seeing the road winding back and forth below us. There were places which made me feel dizzy to look down, and if the other members of the party had not reminded me of the fact that

they were clinging to me I would have been more frightened.

The road was very steep and they kept the brake on the wheels until I became alarmed and said, "Oh, I am afraid the brake will break."

"If it don't brake we shall all be killed," replied the driver coolly.

Occasionally we passed a house built of *shakes*, and in comparison with the trees around, it looked like a play-house built by some child.

It was nearly sundown when we reached the bottom of the grade at a place called Low Gap, where we were granted permission to camp near the spring on condition that the boys would not shoot the quail, which were so tame that they came up to eat with the chickens.

Low Gap was a very dismal place, dense woods on every side, and as darkness settled around us the girls became somewhat afraid and talked in lugubrious tones of grizzly bears, moun-

tain lions and other beasts of prey.

After a moment's silence one said softly: "The grand old woods, 'God's first temple,' how they draw us nearer to him;" and another repeated, "They go up by the mountains, they go down by the valleys unto the place thou has founded for them." "As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so is the Lord round about his people." And his blessed promises stilled our fears, and after committing ourselves once more to his care, we lay down with the quieting assurance that he would be round about us.

We had a lively time in the morning, for the pigs smelled our breakfast, and came flocking in from all directions, determined to share it with us, and we were glad when we were ready to resume our upward way.

Now we began to really enjoy our journey, for the air was cool and filled with a woody fragrance that was pleasant and refreshing. The joyous birds

welcomed us with their sweetest music, and the bright jay-bird flitted noisily through the trees and ever and anon large flocks of quail would go whirring beyond the reach of a stray shot, while all the time busy squirrels went scampering up the trees, scolding loudly at our intrusion, and the scenery was both beautiful and grand all that day.

While we were driving along the top of the mountain with the giants of the forest on one side, and a canyon on the other where we could look down on the tops of the tall trees, it seemed as if we could hear a voice whisper, "Be still and know that I am God."

We came to a good camping place as the sun was sinking among the distant trees, piercing with his flying arrows of gold the bright mountain bowers, which, like those of Eden, had some time in the long ago been planted by the hand of God.

Here, while the boys were pitching the tent, we stood and gazed in wonder

and admiration upon the bright pictures of nature, which, untarnished by the hand of fallen man, hang in this mountain cathedral. Yonder in the canyon, hundreds of feet below us, and in the shadow of the distant rising cliffs, we look down upon the dark foliage, which, too low to be disturbed by the evening breeze, reminds us of some of the lakes we had already passed. Standing where we were and looking down, far down on the tops of the trees, they seemed all on a level, but beyond the canyon the trunks of the massive redwoods and pines were visible from the roots to the branches. What an army of monsters, standing every one a little higher than its nearest neighbor below, and nodding their lofty heads to the ocean wind that marched along the high land but did not dare venture down into the deep gulches; they almost seemed like a battalion of giant soldiers climbing the mountain.

Far above and overhanging the valley,

were high pinnacles of rock which reminded us of ancient castles, with high walls, domes and vestibules, all brilliantly lighted by the fire-rays of the setting sun. While just above the castellated rocks a bright cloud moved silently like a chariot of the heavens, from which we could imagine angels were looking out in order to get a passing glimpse of earth's attractive beauty and thrilling sublimity.

But our pleasant reverie was broken by the shouts of the girls and the crackling of the camp-fire which recalled us to the fact that supper must be prepared. The boys were seen coming through the trees bringing gray squirrels and a young rabbit as their addition to the bill of fare, and the dutch-oven, frying-pan and coffee-boiler were placed over the fire, and a good supply for all was soon ready.

Supper being over and the curtain of night fallen around us, we sat in front of the tent to watch the twinkling

stars with never a shadow of fear, for we fancied the words of the Psalmist: "Praise ye the Lord from the heavens, praise him in the heights, praise him all ye stars of light, mountains and all hills, fruitful trees and all cedars," were echoing in the sound of the wind-tossed boughs high over our heads.

The morning was delightful and a joy to be long remembered. The rock-bound cliffs and the green valleys that lay below were flooded with the morning sunlight, but we could not tarry long to feast our eyes upon such loveliness.

We were winding slowly along the mountain, when we were startled by seeing directly below us the great feathery top of one of the mountain sentinels moving slowly through the air. The axe had done its work, and an emblem of human loftiness, it was bowing to the earth from whence it arose.

The pyramid of bright green moved

slowly along for an instant and disappeared beneath the waving foliage, as a vessel disappears beneath the billows of the ocean. But oh! the crash that followed; we could feel the mountain tremble as the thunder of the fall arose from the dark canyon below, and re-echoed among the surrounding mountains. But in a moment all was quiet; the boughs that were moved by its fall had ceased to sway; the reverberation had died away in the distance, and the monarch that went down would never be missed by its giant brothers.

One of the company said: "That is a good illustration of the great men of the world who go down. The earth is moved by their fall and for a short time their names and deeds ring from ocean to ocean, but how soon they are forgotten and all is quiet."

Here our driver started up the horses and our wagon again moved along the serpentine road, and soon reached the place where they had been cutting

down the redwoods. The trees had been cut off several feet above the ground, and we wondered *why* it was done and *how*, and as there was a man near making railroad ties, we asked him about it.

He said the timber near the roots was not easy to work, and as it was a hard job to saw a log off, they cut through the bark, drove in wedges, built a platform to stand on, and cut the tree off as high up as they thought best.

The boys were greatly interested and wished we had time to watch the men make preparations for felling a tree.

The logs looked immense when compared with those we had seen in other places, and an enthusiastic passer-by had written on the ends of some of them, "This is a buster," "This is the boss," "Hard to beat," and they were surely hard to beat, for Will climbed a stump and found it measured nearly

seventeen feet across, but we soon learned that even this stump could be beaten. Near the road where we stopped for our nooning stood a barn of medium height with a steep roof made of redwood shakes. It was one of the largest barns we had seen in several miles. The owner said it was large enough for four horses, wagons, and considerable hay. This barn was a huge hollow stump with a door in one side. The fire had burned it out, leaving only a shell. The gentleman laughed at our astonishment, and told us that over in the timber a few miles was a large family living in a stump. The young folks wanted to visit them, but the road looked too rough.

We camped early on the bank of the Albion river, for there were deer tracks all around and Will wanted to go hunting. He loaded his rifle and started off with the expectation of having some venison for supper.

Ben soon made the discovery that

there was fish in the river, so the rest of us went fishing and were rewarded with a large string of mountain trout. Harry was eager to catch one, but after he succeeded he felt so sorry that he said, "Poor little fishie, you can go right straight back to your mother," and dropped it into the stream and gave up fishing.

We heard quite a number of shots and Linnie said, "Will must be killing deer enough to supply a regiment," but the sun was nearly down and we were getting uneasy about him, when he came into camp bringing one small cotton-tail rabbit.

He bore all our teasing good-naturedly as he had been quite a successful hunter, keeping us well supplied with small game.

CHAPTER II.

MENDOCINO CITY.

The next morning we passed an old logging camp. Ben and Harry said they would like to live there all the time, they could have such fun playing on the stumps.

The fire had swept over the fallen trees and the side of the mountain was seamed and scarred where they had sent the huge logs crashing down into the stream. We thought of the grand and beautiful forest through which we had been passing and the contrast between that and this blackened and devastated scene was so great that it made us think of Eden before and after the fall, and we wondered why it was that man so often marred the handiwork of God.

For quite a number of miles our

road lay through this despoiled forest. We then entered a damp, dark canyon, so cold we hastily donned our heavy cloaks and coats, and wrapped up in blankets to keep comfortable, while far above our heads the grey light faintly glimmered through the interlaced branches. On one side of the road there was a stream so sluggish that it had formed in pools bordered by coarse sedges.

It was so cold and gloomy that even the birds did not sound a note of praise, although we saw them occasionally flitting from bough to bough and darting across the road before us. An audacious little chipmunk was the only thing that dared make a noise. From the branches which overhung the slimy pools drooped long loops and pendants of ragged grey moss which gave a weird look to the dreary scene, while away through the dark vistas of the forest we imagined we could discover under the mistletoe-crowned oaks just such

places as the ancient Druids would have chosen for their most inhuman rites.

After a few hours in this dark canyon which seemed like the "valley of the shadow of death," we beheld "a light shining in the darkness." Like the dawn of morning it presented such a contrast to the gloom of the canyon that we were not a little comforted by its appearance.

Here in this opening we found other trees, but they were loaded, almost bending to the earth beneath their burden of ripening fruit. What a variety of colors, gold and red and purple, in their different shades.

After gazing upon the immense trees of the mountains and then suddenly coming in sight of an apple tree with its branches bowed down with its burden of fruit, we were forcibly reminded of the words, "As the apple tree among the trees of the wood, so is my beloved among the sons."

We could feel a great difference in the air and everything looked as if there had been a refreshing shower, but as we knew that was not probable in the month of July in California we concluded there must have been a heavy fog.

In this opening stood a neat log house with trailing vines over the doors and windows, and surrounded by fruit trees, huge black stumps, piles of railroad ties, and fence posts, a few stacks of grain and hay and a number of cattle.

The clearing contained but few acres and on one side the forest was so near that some of the large trees falling in the direction of the house would have crushed it. Around this little home of the mountain forest, as if by the hands of the Dryads, the wooded curtains ornamented with waving fringe and dotted with red and yellow leaves were hung on every side. Not much of the world could we see there. But it was

a home that many a city child might well envy; the atmosphere so bracing, the water so cold and pure, and the music of the winds and birds and brook so cheering, while the heaven above with eyes of radiant light looked as lovingly on that secluded spot as on the city mansions of the lordly and aristocratic.

As we passed through the niche in the forest, we saw three or four children at play. Their cheeks were nearly as bright red as the apples that hung over their heads, while by their merry shouts and ringing laughter we knew they were as happy as the birds flying above them.

The great region known as the red-woods is strewn with such little homes, and we were told that thousands and thousands of acres remain to be taken. This land is not very valuable at present, but the time, no doubt, is not far distant when those who hold land in that region will be very wealthy.

We soon came to a large plain that some time in the past had been swept by the fire. Scattered over it here and there were the bare, lifeless trunks of blackened trees. The ground was covered with dark green bushes, which caused one of the company to say, "That looks very much like a blueberry bog;" and as we reached the bushes another exclaimed, "Blueberries! Blueberries!"

The bushes were loaded with berries, and as it was the first time we had seen any growing since we left New England, we went to gathering the fruit, and when we had eaten all we wanted, we filled pails, pans and everything available with the delicious berries.

What a hearty laugh we had after we gathered at the wagon, for we were an exceedingly *blue* looking company. As there was no water on the plain we were obliged to be resigned to our *blue* looks, but we thought if we should meet any one he would conclude water must

have been very scarce where we last camped.

The scenery was different now, for we had left the mountains. The trees were not so large and we found hazel and blackberry bushes, but we were too late to share in the nuts and berries. We saw a peculiar looking bush with the nuts growing each in a shell by itself, but about twenty clustered together in a compact ball. They were not quite ripe and we could never learn what they were.

We were very much interested in the different flowers, shrubs and trees and would have lingered longer had we not heard the distant roar of the ocean. As we drew near the coast, expectation was at its height. We all eagerly desired to look out on the rolling billows of the mighty Pacific. The young people clapped their hands and talked and laughed so heartily that a gentle rebuke from the more sedate was occasionally necessary.

But how exceedingly cold and damp it was! Never before had we experienced such a chilling sensation in the month of July. The fog became so dense that we could see but a few feet in either direction, and the great drops of water fell so constantly from the trees that we almost imagined ourselves in an eastern forest during a shower. But there was something pleasant in the sound of the patter, patter of those drops falling on our wagon-cover from the tops of the trees. The road soon became muddy with pools of water standing here and there, while the horses were as wet as if they had been out in an actual shower, and we were so wrapped in blankets that Ben thought every person we met would think we were traveling mummies.

But presently we passed out from under the dripping branches of oaks and pines into a broad, well-beaten thoroughfare. Here we were at a loss to know whether to turn to the right

or to the left. After waiting a few moments in suspense, looking first in one direction and then in the other, a very little old woman, wrinkled and bowed, came like a misty shadow out of the darkness of the fog.

As she came near, the driver said, "Madam, where does this road lead to?"

"San-freen-cees-ko," was the reply.

"Where is Mendocino City?"

"Turn to de right, and you are right dere," and she disappeared in the mist on the other side.

Turning to the right we went but a few rods before we came to the bridge which spans the Albion river. At this point it is a large, beautiful river, clear and deep, called by some of the people there "Big river." A vast amount of lumber lay along the shore.

While crossing the bridge, we beheld a little to our left the white feathery foam and spray that was thrown a few feet in the air, as the waves rolled against the rocks, while all beyond was

gloom and darkness. The ocean had disappointed us. After coming so far to behold her majesty, how cruel! She seemed to cover her fair face with her own thick veil and refuse to be seen.

Mendocino City is "set on a hill;" and we found it to be a very attractive and flourishing little town, containing the usual amount of business tact and energy generally found in California cities and villages. It is the central point of trade for the lumbermen of an extensive region which alone is capable of assuring permanent growth. Fishing is quite an industry here and will, no doubt, become a profitable business. The town has about one thousand inhabitants, broad streets and an excellent class of buildings.

Our attention was especially attracted by the fuchsias which grew in great profusion and beauty, and so luxuriantly that they reached the eaves of the houses, and drooped over porches and fences; even the yards of the vacant houses

were made bright with their presence as they bloomed in lonely grace and loveliness.

The next we noticed was the Presbyterian church, a large neat building and the only Protestant church in the town. We were told that it was generally filled on the Sabbath by a class of moral, intelligent and religious people who were united in supporting the gospel. This seemed glorious and very different from most small towns in California. I know one—about the same size—where there are eight churches, each weak and barely able to survive. When the church-going people of a community are divided into so many denominations, each congregation must of necessity be small and feeble.

We spent several hours in this cool little city of the coast, not attracting any special attention, as campers' wagons, throughout the long summer, are daily passing and repassing through this town, which, to the inhabitants of

a vast mountain and inland region, is the chief point of sea-side attraction.

Here we found it necessary to obtain another supply of provisions, for the pure mountain air and the cold sea breeze proved to be wonderful tonics. Never once in all the time we were camping did I hear one of the company complain of having no appetite.

One of our number was dyspeptic. Before leaving home he ate but twice a day, and only crackers, broth, rice, or such light articles of diet usually recommended to invalids. Now he ate three hearty meals consisting of coffee, bacon, hot biscuits and wild game, besides vegetables and fruit.

We bought some delicious honey in the comb, and as it was considerable trouble to pack it safely away, Eda volunteered to hold it. The box leaked, and before we reached our camping ground she was as sweet as she had been blue a few hours before. She took the laughter and joking quite

coolly, and said: "Now if I hadn't washed off the blue-berries I should have been pretty good sauce." She received immediate assurances that she was saucy enough as it was. The bracing air put fire into the youthful blood, and as they had started out for a good time we did not object to their merri-ment.

We camped near a pretty little cove and went to bed early, for a gentleman told us it would be low tide about six o'clock in the morning, and a good time to gather abalones.

The roar of the ocean wind and the loud and continuous booming of the waves against the rocky coast were so different from the pleasant music of the forest, which had so long acted as a lullaby in soothing us to rest, that we found it almost impossible to sleep.

While lying awake listening to the "steady beat of the sad sea waves," we thought of Mrs. Heman's poem:

‘Thou art sounding on, thou mighty sea,
Forever and the same;
The ancient rocks still cling to thee,
Whose thunders naught can tame;
Oh! many a glorious voice is gone
From the rich bowers of earth,
And hushed is many a lovely one
Of mournfulness, or mirth;
But thou art swelling on, thou deep,
Through many an olden clime,
Thy billowy anthems ne’er to sleep
Until the close of time.’

CHAPTER III.

TREASURES OF THE DEEP.

In the morning we found that the ocean had not lifted her veil, but we did not fret about that, for we were determined to remain at the coast until we could have a good view of the Pacific.

We did not wait for breakfast but made ready to go hunting abalones. When the gentleman came along with an iron rod, and a sack, he said if we would go with him he would show us the best place to find them. He led the way along the cliff and finally began to descend an almost perpendicular path. It looked as if it was a perilous undertaking, but the boys and girls went ahead and told me if I fell I could fall on them so I would be all right.

For some distance the path wound

under trailing vines, so dense we could not part them, and so low we could not stand erect. When we came to the ledge we found crevices in it which enabled us to cling with more safety, but it was so damp with the ocean spray that we had to "make haste slowly."

The rocks left bare by the tide were covered with sea-moss and weeds. The gentleman lifted some of it and pointing to something beneath said, "That is an abalone." We had never seen an abalone, and the object to which he called our attention looked to us like a bulge in the rock covered with a greyish looking moss, but he inserted his rod at one edge and in a moment more it fell upon the sand. Then the girls said, "Ugh! who could eat such a horrid black thing as that?"

The boys gathered about a dozen, then we went to the camp to have our breakfast. They dug the abalone out of the shells and trimmed off the outside until it could hardly be distin-

guished from a peeled white turnip; then it had to be sliced and beaten like a piece of tough steak, and fried in hot lard. The children liked them very well, but we never ate anything that had the least resemblance in taste to an abalone.

The shells in their natural state are very pretty. The outside is a dark red, blue and grey tint, while the inside reflects the bright colors of the rainbow. After they are treated with a chemical preparation, and polished, they are the most beautiful shells we have ever seen.

After breakfast we hastened to the beach, The young folks had made plans for having a fine time bathing in the sea, but the change from the heat of the valley was so great that we could scarcely keep comfortable with our winter flannels on, so there was no temptation to try a sea bath.

But we clambered over the rocks and examined the treasures of the deep.

We found clinging tightly to the rocks with its dozens of suckers, the star-fish or five-fingers. The name sea-star is sometimes applied to it from its shape, and we thought while examining them that truly the stars of the ocean were more of a curiosity than the stars of the heavens, because these stars have life while the others have none. It is said that if some of the rays or fingers were cut off others would be formed to take their places, or if one were cut in two and put back in the water each piece would grow and form a star-fish. It is also said that if the eggs which are attached to the under side should be moved a short distance the fish would crawl to them and gather them under her again. Looking at a star-fish it was hard to believe there could be so much mother-love existing in it. We found them of all sizes, from the baby star, as Harry called it, to a large one which measured ten inches from one point to another.

In England they are called Devil's fingers, and people are afraid to touch them for fear of being poisoned. But the boys gathered quite a number of each color to take home. We also found the sea urchin, or sea hedgehog as they are sometimes called. They are a great curiosity with their hundreds of dark red spines bristling in every direction. We found their shells after the spines had been worn off by the rolling waves; then they are called sea eggs. They were of different sizes and were ornamented with regular rows of tiny buttons or knobs, varying in size from the point to the head of a large pin.

There were ugly looking crabs of all sizes crawling in every direction among the rocks. Harry was especially interested in them, and had great fun in making them run backwards and sideways, until one nipped his finger and then the rest of us had the fun.

Ben had wandered out some distance

on the rocks, when he called excitedly for us to come and see his flowers. He had found the lovely sea anemones. In the water their bright tinted petals were gently moving as flower petals move in a breeze, so they looked like real living flowers. They were of several different colors and some were really beautiful, and when we went to touch them we found they possessed more life than ordinary garden flowers for they closed instantly. We discovered the gorgonia or sea fan and many different varieties of sea mosses and weeds.

When the tide was in so we could not go down the cliffs to the rocks we visited the little sheltered cove, where we never tired of watching the billows as they came gently gliding up to the beach, one after the other like children at play.

We found a species of kelp with a turnip-shaped bulb, and a root from one to twenty feet long. The boys con-

sidered them a good substitute for whips and had a lively time chasing each other up and down the beach. There was quite a variety of shells, and the girls gathered more than we had room to carry.

The fog still hid the ocean from view and we concluded to go farther up the coast, "Seeking new worlds to conquer," Will said, so we "folded our tents like the Arabs," but not silently, for that was impossible with our merry crowd.

We were soon moving slowly along the coast road, winding first to the right and then to the left, now climbing a sharp hill and then descending to the valley, while the dark, cold and heavy mist limited our view of the surrounding country.

After going down a long but smooth grade we came to a beautiful stream which was spanned by a rickety and dangerous looking bridge. Above the bridge was a deep mill-pond into which massive redwood logs were leaping one

after another. These bulky logs were sent into a chute down a steep hill and really seemed like living creatures plunging into the pond, dashing the water into a spray and sending it flying several feet in the air. Sometimes one of these swiftly flying logs would spring on the back of its fellow, and with a roar and a bound and a struggle for the ascendancy they would settle down half buried in the water, then quietly swim side by side toward the other shore.

By the side of the pond stood a large mill, in and around which a great number of men were at work. We yielded to the wish of the young people, and entered the building, which seemed like a busy hive of industry and wealth.

The gentlemen were very kind and explained some of the machinery, which was altogether new to us.

We gazed with amazement upon the roaring, whirling, angry saws with

teeth stronger and sharper than those of a lion, as they seemed to march through the solid logs (one above and the other below), splitting the thick sound-hearted wood into planks, boards, and other lumber ready for the mechanic. We were told that single trees had been sawed into eighty thousand feet of lumber.

One man was busy removing the refuse lumber with a hand car which ran on a track to the end of a bridge or scaffold, a short distance from the mill, where he dumped it off into a roaring fire which burned continually. It seemed too bad to burn up such quantities of lumber which if on the plains would be valuable for barns, sheds, and fences, but the man said there was no other way of getting rid of it.

On either side of the stream were good houses, which, with a neat school house and church, made a very pleasant village.

Passing along northward, we came

to the town of Noyo, where we immediately laid in another supply of provisions, after which we endeavored to find a camping place, where we intended to remain a few days.

But in this we found much difficulty. As we passed along, one of our party went to several houses making inquiries as to where we could pitch our tent, but without success. Some of the people were deaf, some were dumb or frightened, and others, judging from their looks and actions, were very unfriendly and inclined to look upon us as highwaymen, tramps or spies.

The yards and fields were enclosed by high board fences on which were notices warning all persons to keep out of the enclosure, threatening the full penalties of the law to trespassers.

At last, quite disgusted with the place and people, we drove beyond the town and found a quiet spot among the trees beside the road where a pile of stones and ashes showed us that other

campers had ventured to stop, so we pitched our tent without asking permission.

But we found that if the human inhabitants were inhospitable, so were the other dwellers in the land. They gathered around us with songs of welcome, but instantly demanded tribute for our presence among them. "Oh dear! mosquitoes!" exclaimed one and another, and in a moment was heard the falling of hands, and exclamations of disappointment, when it was found that although a red spot was left where the blow fell, the savage tormenter had escaped unharmed.

We had expected to find poisonous insects and reptiles and had taken antidotes with us, but this was our first annoyance, and by keeping on the smoky side of the fire we managed to finish our supper and prepare for bed. We built a fire near the door of the tent and had a good night's rest, despite the protests of our musical visitors. But

the poor boys, who always slept in the wagon, showed unmistakable signs of a warfare.

The next morning the sun was shining brightly, but we were out of sight of the ocean, and the girls prepared breakfast in a hurry, fearing they would not have a good look at the Pacific before the fog came down again.

A gentleman told us that the road up the coast wound along a high cliff. where, if we should be unfortunate enough to go off, we would fall about five hundred feet into the ocean beneath, so, when we were ready to start once more, we took a vote to decide which way to go, three voting to go across the mountains into Humboldt County and five voting to go down the coast.

As we were all Presbyterians, the minority yielded without a murmur, and we turned and journeyed southward, passing through Noyo as quickly as possible, having no desire for further acquaintance.

We soon reached a point where right before us, bathed in the splendor of the morning sunlight, lay the vast and mighty ocean. The girls could scarcely find adjectives enough to express their delight and admiration of the glorious scene—and I really think the boys used about as many adjectives as the girls—but who could wonder. They were watching for the first time the restless rolling billows of the vast and mighty ocean, and words cannot express our feelings³ of awe and admiration as we found ourselves repeating with reverence and solemnity Bryant's "Hymn to the Sea:"

"The sea is mighty, but a mightier sways
His restless billows, Thou whose hands have scooped
His boundless gulfs, and built his shores, Thy breath
That moved in the beginning o'er his face,
Moves o'er it evermore."

The grandeur of the mountain forests on our left, and the majestic sublimity of the ocean on our right, seemed to join in a perpetual hymn of praise, lift-

ing our hearts nearer the Creator of all. Far out from the shore were huge rocks over which the waves dashed almost continuously. When Harry noticed them, he cried out, "Oh, see the whales! Look quick, their backs are coming out of the water!" and it looked so real, that he still talks about the whales we saw playing in the ocean.

Away in the distance, we could see the white-winged ships moving swiftly and majestically over the billows, and we wondered if the happy hearted passengers and sailors on those stately vessels would safely reach their homes, or if they would sink

"Into the depths with pitying groan
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined and unknown,"
while loving friends would wait long and anxiously until weary and heart-sick, they could nevermore hear the sound of the *sad sea waves* without a shudder.

All along the cliff we noticed that the pines were very different from those

we had passed in the seclusion of the forest. Here, instead of being tall and massive and symmetrical, we found them stunted, dwarfed and gnarled. Continually shaken and beaten by the mighty ocean wind, they leaned toward the mountains, and with their branches all extending in the same direction, they seemed to implore assistance from their sheltered and more favored brethren.

The scrubby, woeful looking trees brought to mind the stories we had read of the innocent country lads and lassies, who, tempted from their quiet and peaceful homes by the attractions of a city life, had been buffeted by the allies of the evil one, and had dwarfed and blighted until their sin-sick souls were fain to cry out for the joys and purities of their country homes.

CHAPTER IV.

HUNTING A WHALE.

The report reached us that a large whale had been cast ashore between Noyo and Mendocino City. The shore at this point was a long distance from the road. We drove through a gate and then along a rough and narrow lane a distance of perhaps a half a mile, when we came into a pasture and found ourselves among rocks, stumps, rotten logs, and dead trees.

Unable to proceed farther with the wagon we tied our horses to an old dilapidated barn. We felt a little timid in doing this as there was a house in an adjoining field out of which rushed several men, as many women, and twice as many children who stood in a group and looked intently towards us but said nothing.

After feeding the horses we started out in search for the whale.

We climbed over old logs and hedges, and followed meandering cow-paths until we reached the ocean bank and saw the white feathery foam beneath our feet. We stood there and watched the tireless billows beating the unyielding rocks, until we were well sprinkled with the spray and nearly deafened by the ocean thunder. We then started down along the cliff, hunting for a whale.

Occasionally we would stop a moment to look down on the water fifty feet below us. Such a heaving, churning, splashing, perpetual motion. Now falling away, leaving the bare rocks spotted with shells and moss, now rising with a fantastic whirl as if determined to overleap all bounds, while we with dizzy heads start back, as the mighty volume settles down and glides back into the deep.

After walking about two miles from

where we left our team, we saw something that resembled a boat turned bottom side up but soon discovered that it was the big fish.

Carefully climbing down the cliff we stood by the side of the monster. It had probably died of old age and the odor could not be likened to the "sweet scented gales from Araby the blest."

After a moment of silent wonder Linnie exclaimed, "Did you ever?"

Eda made reply, "No I never, hardly ever."

Harry gazed in such quiet astonishment that we listened for his first words. Drawing a long breath he said, "Well, I should think a whale could swallow Jonah easy enough."

How little and insignificant we felt as we stood by this ponderous creature in which the Almighty had put life. We were told that it was about eighty feet long and fourteen feet across. Some one had used a ladder to climb on its back and Ben wanted to go up, but

as it was kept in motion by the waves rolling against it we would not consent for him to make the dangerous experiment. We were much interested in this vessel which for many years had run on the waters of the North Pacific without pilot, captain, or crew, strong as a locomotive, and capable of leaving the swiftest steamer behind, but finally cast away on the rocks of Mendocino shore.

The boys made an attempt to pluck some of the barnacles from the side of the whale to keep for souvenirs, but they were too slow and a large wave gave them a cold bath, which completely quenched their *whaling curiosity*.

We now retraced our steps and found our horses waiting patiently and all ready to travel on. Passing through the narrow lane we were soon on the broad highway.

Early in the afternoon we reached Mendocino City again and pitched our tent on a plot of grass at the foot of a

hill covered with green trees, and near a flowing spring. From here we could see the waves playing over the rocks, the spray glittering in the sunlight, and the vessels far out on the deep blue billows.

We crossed the bridge and walked along the bank of Big River which is clear as crystal and has a strong current. Looking down into the water we saw schools of fish varying in dimensions, forms and species.

Passing through the little village as the sun was going down we noticed many young people out for an evening walk. They seemed to be full of life and happiness. Not a delicate or sickly person did we meet.

Here the river, fresh and pure, coming from the distant hills meets the briny wave as the tide marches up the stream. Here the mountain atmosphere coming down from aloft meets and mingles with the cold breath of the ocean, and as nature loves variety, the wonderful

commingling of salt and fresh water, sea and mountain air makes Mendocino a very healthy place.

Returning to our camp the boys made a roaring fire near which the mosquitoes did not dare approach, although they made music for us only a little in the distance. While sitting there and talking over the events of the day we saw the dim form of some one coming "out of the darkness into the light," and soon recognized an old acquaintance, who joined our circle around the cheerful camp-fire and we spent a very pleasant evening.

Early the next morning we heard Will exclaim, "Oh, the fog, the fog," and as we opened our eyes we saw the dark mist creeping as silently as some evil spirit into our tent.

After breakfast we started down the coast. The air was very chilling but we were not so sensitive to the cold as we were when we first came from the valley. For some time the fog was so

dense we could see only a few feet in front of the horses, but about nine o'clock it began to vanish and before noon the sun was shining beautifully upon the face of the "great deep."

Occasionally a streak of fog coming from the vast world of water and shining in the glowing sunlight reminded us of an old-fashioned snow storm.

We saw several such aerial streams flowing over the tops of the trees, and up the sides of the mountain, so cool, so invigorating and picturesque.

From Navarro Ridge ten miles south of Mendocino City we could look down about four hundred feet on the flourishing village of Navarro Mills with nearly five hundred inhabitants.

This town is at the mouth of Navarro River and is completely walled by the strong bulwarks of nature.

On the east the river like a silver serpent glides from under the mountain forest. On the north and south the towering hills which rise almost per-

pendicularly remind one of the walls of some ancient city adorned with pictures of birds and flowers.

On the west the dark waves, like living creatures from some distant isle of the sea, are daily and nightly rising, one after another, and throwing their wings, which, when unfolded, turn into snowy whiteness, over the boulders that lie along the shore.

The village consists of a large mill, neat white cottages, a general store, shops of various kinds, and a town hall with a lodge room for the I. O. G. T., and a large and valuable library for the benefit of the employes.

The mill company own the whole town together with a region of timber land running several miles from the coast and lying on both sides of the river. They also have a railroad running from the mill to the lumber camp, so that instead of harnessing a team of horses, they hitch up an engine, drive out seven miles in the mountains and

haul in ten or fifteen thousand feet at a load.

We were told that the mill sawed from fifty to sixty thousand feet of lumber each day. The company is said to be vastly rich, and very honorable in all their transactions. They own their own vessels and ship their own lumber, employing about five hundred men paying the most liberal wages.

From the beach we could see the Point Arena Light-house twenty miles away, and the ocean far beyond.

It was late in the afternoon when a bank of fog began to lift from the very horizon far in the distance, and the sun shining from the dark cloud formed a scene which would have delighted the eyes of an artist.

The ocean of water seemed to change into an ocean of heaven's own glory. Such flashing emblazonry, such dazzling brilliancy, such dancing of colors. Indeed, we were reminded of a "sea of glass mingled with fire."

And then we could imagine as we gazed in almost breathless silence, beyond the dark watery plains that the New Jerusalem had descended with all its intermingling of ruby, and emerald, and sapphire.

And as we continued our ardent gaze until our eyes were almost blinded, we found ourselves exclaiming,

“O Beulah Land, sweet Beulah Land,
As on thy highest mount I stand,
I look away across the sea,
Where mansions are prepared for me,
And view the shining glory shore,
My heaven, my home, for evermore.”

Along the coast road we crossed several streams that were deep down in narrow gulches. Some of these streams we crossed on bridges so high above the water that we found ourselves among the topmost branches of very tall trees, and it made our heads dizzy as we attempted to look down upon the little silver brooks that were silently gliding on to mingle with the mighty ocean.

Several of the bridges were old, shattered and narrow, with no railing, and would tremble beneath the horses' feet and the rolling wheels. And there were a number of holes through the plank that the horses were liable to step into and receive serious injuries.

We went down a steep hill at the foot of which was one of these old bridges, our horses were on a lively trot and one stepped through a hole and fell. We thought his leg was broken, but fortunately it was not, although he was very lame for several days.

Along this road we found some of the hills to be very steep and were necessarily compelled to alight from the wagon and practice pedestrianism on the ascending grade. This, however, was not unpleasant, as we needed exercise and it afforded us the pleasure of examining the rocks that projected from the banks and of gathering

various kinds of mosses, ferns and wild flowers. In this Golden State, Flora, with bountiful hand has everywhere scattered her beautiful treasures, from the tiny alfillarea to the fragrant mountain lilac and waxy blossomed madrone, so we met new and sweet surprises all the way.

We had a delightful view of the ocean from the Point Arena Lighthouse, which is considered one of the best on this coast, standing on the bank and rising one hundred and fifty feet above the water, its red light can be seen from Mendocino City, a distance of thirty-five miles.

As we climbed the winding stairs within the tower, stopping occasionally to rest, and look out of the little windows, we could feel the tall and slender building tremble as the wind was blowing very hard, and we were inclined to be a little nervous. But when at the top viewing the wonderful and voluminous lamp with its power-

ful lens—powerful yet so delicate and sensitive that it could not endure the touch of Harry's inquisitive fingers,—and the white-capped waves of the angry ocean, we were fully repaid for our toil and trouble. From those lofty windows the radiant light flashes far out over the dark and stormy sea, and the heart of many a sailor is cheered by its dazzling brightness. This lighthouse stands in a conspicuous place on a dangerous point that projects several miles into the ocean, and with the billows on three sides it stands a faithful sentinel nightly warning the sailors away from danger and death; yet it has been only a few years since a steamer was wrecked on the reef close by this signal light.

While standing there so far above the world of sin and care, and looking out upon the vast and mighty deep toward the north, south and west we could readily perceive the important position which it occupied.

The keeper told us that the light must be guarded, kept in order, and watched with care that it might shine brightly for the benefit of those who travel the highway of the Pacific. If the light should go out it would mean destruction of life and property. But the Christian who is placed as a light-house upon the dark and dangerous shore of time, often allows his light to burn dimly and sometimes to go out.

Our Savior said, "Let your light shine before men that others seeing your good works may glorify your Father which is in heaven." And when neglecting his orders the Christian lets the light in his heart go out, the effects are more deplorable and disastrous than when the radiance disappears from the light-house tower. "If the light that is in you be darkness, how great is that darkness?"

After coming down from the dizzy height and placing our feet once more

upon the solid earth, we felt that an impression had been made upon our minds that would linger there for a long time.

Now the keeper takes us several rods from the bank and shows us a large hole, (quite a number of feet across), in the earth which is surrounded by dry, level and fertile land. As we look down into this opening we behold the water rising and falling as the waves roll in and out. The ocean had worn away the sub-soil and gradually crept in beneath the bank until this opening was made by the ground dropping into the water.

While standing there we realized for the first time that the sea was beneath our feet even while we were standing on green grass and in the midst of blooming trees and flowers.

In several places we noticed small pieces of land ranging from one or two rods square to a half acre or more standing with perpendicular walls fif-

teen or twenty feet above the water which surrounded them on all sides. And thus North America, "The land of the free and the home of the brave," is actually wearing out. The hand of angry Neptune is stealing our land from beneath our feet.

And if this powerful invader continues to steal one inch from this coast every year, in less than two hundred million years it will reach the Mississippi River. And in the meantime the waves of the Atlantic, and the Gulfs of Mexico and St. Lawrence will grind away the remainder of the United States, and if the world should remain so long a time what will its inhabitants do for land to cultivate?

Perhaps it is not wise or best at the present time to be looking so far into this world's future. One blessed assurance we have, God's children have the promise of a home which not even a mighty world of waters can destroy.

As we traveled through this region

we were forcibly impressed with the scarcity of Christian workers; the unbelief and opposition to the Bible, and the indifference and lukewarmness on the part of those who professed to be followers of Christ.

In Point Arena there were two ministers, two church buildings and nineteen church members. From Point Arena to Ingrams, a distance of fifty miles, there was not a Protestant church of any denomination. And the whole distance was settled by enterprising farmers, woolgrowers and lumbermen. There were also several villages containing mills, stores, school-houses and saloons.

How sad to see such fields unoccupied, while in some small railroad towns there are a dozen ministers preaching to the same people, and in some of the cities a still larger number are waiting for a call to some wealthy or desirable field.

We were told that the road down the

coast was more dangerous and difficult to travel than any we had passed over, so we concluded to leave the coast, and for a few days try the mountains and valleys again. After passing through a beautiful and fertile country we found ourselves slowly climbing a steep mountain. The road was narrow and rough, and much of the time we were compelled to walk.

We reached the summit as the sun was sinking in the west, and a more picturesque scene than the one we then beheld is seldom spread out before the eyes of humanity.

We seemed to be standing on the dome of a vast cathedral looking down, far down, upon an extensive emerald lake glittering with the jewels of a brighter world.

That very morning we gazed out upon the dark billows of the broad and deep Pacific, now we are looking far over the waves of leaves and feathery boughs, which are gloriously inter-

mingled with the golden waves which flow from the sinking orb of day. Even our horses, though tired and covered with sweat and dust, lift their heads and seem revived at a sight so grand and invigorating.

For several evenings we had listened to the heavy, drum-like music of the billows lashing the rocks, and the shrill voice of the sea-fowl. Now as we stand far above ocean, field and forest, we listen to the mountain zephyr as it plays so softly among the drooping branches, while far beneath us and along the surface of what still appears like a richly colored lake of paradise, the birds with wings glistening in the sunlight are darting and sailing in evening sport, and the rich chorus of their voices, like sweet notes from heaven's orchestra, arise to the mountain height.

While standing around our wagon feasting our eyes on the surrounding glory, the mild and golden radiance

vanished, the birds disappeared beneath the surface, the distant mountains assumed a darker hue, and we were seriously reminded of the fact that we had not yet reached the land where there shall be no more night.

The boys, after taking the harness from the horses, turned them out on a plot of grass, which, although somewhat withered and parched by the sun, was, nevertheless, very nutritious and afforded our burden-bearers a rich repast. As the shadows of night gathered around us we pitched our tent in the light of our blazing camp-fire and after we had fared sumptuously on bread, fruit and wild-game, we lay down to rest while the dying embers still glowed in front of our tent.

Before falling asleep, however, we had some serious thoughts concerning the wild beasts that might be prowling near, as we had seen several strange tracks on the mountain side.

And that we should have startling thoughts will not seem strange to my readers when I relate a little of our experience two years previous to this time. We were rustivating on the summit of Elk Mountain in a little brush house which served as a protection from the sun by day and the wind by night. Immediately to the north of our temporary dwelling-place was Grizzly canyon, so deep and dark that we could not, from our location, see the bottom. It was said to have received its name from the many grizzly bears that had been seen in and around it. The first night while surrounded by our spicy curtains, we heard a crashing in the brush and then heavy footsteps. At first we thought it might be a horse, but as it passed near we imagined we heard a low growl. Next morning we discovered tracks which measured twelve inches across, an Indian said they were those of a very large grizzly bear; a few rods from our

little booth were two dead sheep that had been torn to pieces during the night. They belonged to a gentleman who kept a large flock on the mountain. He said Bruin stole a number of his sheep every year. We did not spend another night in that frail dwelling and even the boys were afraid to venture down into Grizzly canyon.

As we lay in our tent thinking for a moment of that powerful denizen of the dark mountain gorge that made us such a friendly visit, and not knowing but members of the same family might be very near, we felt a little momentary disquietude.

But the wind changed the lofty tree-tops into sweet toned instruments of music and played such gentle tunes that we could almost fancy angels were hovering over us, now soft as the harps of heaven, now rising higher as if new instruments and new voices were joining the chorus, and now lulling to a mere murmur and dying away among

the branches of other trees in the distance. Thus, after committing ourselves to the care of Him who shields and protects his children, our weary spirits were soothed into quiet rest and we were safely folded in the arms of nature's balmy restorer.

CHAPTER V.

SABBATH ON THE MOUNTAIN.

We were awakened the next morning by the happy birds that were sending forth their soft silvery notes into the pure morning air that hovered over the mountain's brow. It was the holy Sabbath, and far from the sound of a church bell we arose to keep the day holy unto the Lord.

Although we were not blest with the opportunity of sitting within the sanctuary to receive instruction from the sacred desk, our hearts were not pained by beholding men, women and children violating the Sabbath of the Lord our God.

The heavens above us, and the earth beneath us, and all things around us were quietly resting. It indeed seemed glorious to be able to spend a Sabbath

where we could look around upon the handiwork of God without witnessing the desecration of the fourth commandment.

But how humiliating is the fact that in order to dwell in a place where the Lord's day is not profaned we must find some secluded spot away from our own brothers and sisters, yes, away from the very creatures who were made in the image of their Divine Maker, and the only creatures of earth to whom is given that power and exalted privilege of communing with the omnipotent Jehovah.

Here, exalted above the lower world, above and far from the noisy crowds who, disregarding the commands of Him who keeps them in existence, and holds their eternal destiny in his power are not afraid to use the day which He has set apart to be kept holy in seeking their own pleasure, we were not ashamed to look the Holy Sabbath squarely in the face.

No wonder the prophet Jeremiah said, "Oh, that I had in the wilderness a lodging place, that I might leave my people."

We never realized more forcibly the purity and glory and spiritual beauty of the Christian Sabbath where it is untouched by the guilt-stained hand of sinful man.

We could look in every direction far away over valleys, rivers and plains without having our vision darkened by the workers of iniquity.

We could listen to nature's sweet and perpetual anthem that came from the stream beneath, the birds above, and the breezes all around without having our ears grated upon by the discord of sinful and inharmonious notes.

And although we could see the effects of sin in the scarred and broken rocks of the distant towering cliff, the gnarled and twisted trees, the fire-red of the poison-oak, and the loathsome weeds intermingled with the grass and flow-

ers, we could see no sin outside of our own unsanctified hearts.

We spent the day in reading God's word and in prayer and quiet meditation. And as the evening breeze arose from the ocean and came merrily singing through the branches and leaves, we felt to mingle our voices with the sweet refrain in the use of the precious words:

"Thine earthly Sabbath, Lord, we love,
But there's a nobler rest above:
To which our longing souls aspire,
With ardent pangs of strong desire."

As the setting sun was smiling upon the barren peak and the wooded vale, and sending his piercing arrows through the red-wood drapery, and gorgeously coloring the little clouds that sailed like fairy ships upon the vast ocean of ether, we felt that we were standing in the midst of the glory of the omnipotent God. And like Jacob of old we exclaimed, "How dreadful is this place, this is none other than the house of God, this is the gate of heaven."

If a Sabbath on the mountain top,
above the commotion and turmoil of
the world is so glorious, what will it be
in the land where sin is ever unknown,

“Where congregations ne’er break up,
And Sabbaths never end.”

Where nothing can enter “that de-
fileth or maketh a lie.”

When the sun had gone down and
the night seemed to be dropping out of
the glowing day

“And the last beam of daylight,
Shone dim in the west,”

We buttoned our tent and retired,
feeling at peace with God and all the
world.

Early next morning we were going
down the other side of the mountain
which we found less difficult and far
more pleasant than the ascending
grade, so it is all through life, easy to
go down and hard to go up.

We had gone only a short distance
when we heard happy voices merrily
shouting, singing and laughing, and

in a few moments met three teams loaded with a jovial crowd of young people. They were full of life and joy, and saluted us with pleasant smiles and friendly greeting, and passed on.

“Like as a plank of drift-wood,
Tossed on the watery main,
Another plank encounters,
Meets, touches, parts again;
So tossed and drifting ever,
On life’s unresting sea,
We meet, and greet, and sever,
Parting eternally.”

In a short time we reached the grove in which they spent the Sabbath. It was a very cool and pleasant place. The trees were trimmed a little higher than a man’s head, and the underbrush removed and comfortable seats here and there, and a table on which were scraps of meat and crumbs of bread for the birds and squirrels, and the smoke of the camp-fire feebly arising from the earth. On one of the firs was nailed a board on which was printed in large letters, “Happy Camp.” “Well

named," said Linnie, "for it is the happiest looking place I have yet seen." Here the trees seemed to be alive with birds of various sizes and colors, some very tiny creatures, but their feathers were bright and their voices sweet. Each one seemed to do its best to excel in singing louder than the others. The brook was not silent, but kept up a low harmonious chant, as the sparkling water whirled around a rock or poured over a sunken log.

In this stream we noticed several deep pools which looked as though there might be mountain trout at the bottom, and as there were fish bones around the public table of this forest mansion, the boys thought it a good place to try our luck at fishing, but we deemed it best not to linger on our way so early in the morning. As we were passing along, we beheld in a lovely glade, a doe quietly feeding, and standing near her side was a cute little fawn, beautiful as a picture. We

scarcely caught sight of them before they went bounding away beyond our sight.

Eda exclaimed, "Oh, the *dear* little creatures." "Certainly Eda. We all knew they were *deer*," replied Will. "Of course they are *deer*, and *dear* as they can be."

It was about ten miles to the foot of the mountain. All the way the woods were sweetly perfumed by the breath of summer. Although the sky was clear and the sun shone brightly, we did not suffer with the heat. We had a better protection from the power of Sol's burning eye than the wagon sheet. Far above our heads was the almost unbroken and impenetrable shade. And with little, sparkling springs gushing here and there from the rocks, and our road on either side fringed with the beautiful maiden-hair and other varieties of ferns we greatly enjoyed our morning's fall of a thousand feet.

At the foot of the mountain we came

out from under the great and richly tasseled sun shade, which nature had prepared to protect the traveler from the burning rays of the noon-day sun.

Here we entered a fertile valley and during the remainder of the day beautiful farms lay on either side of the road.

And in front of almost every house was a delightful flower garden, in many of which women and girls were at work.

In this valley everything seemed home-like. Horses and cattle and sheep were grazing in the pastures, while pigs, geese and chickens seemed to have possession of the highway.

That night we camped in an open field in which a number of wagons loaded with men, women and children, —eight children in one wagon—had entered a little before our arrival.

In this party there were several invalids who claimed to be improving every day, and judging by the quantity

of provisions cooked in their dutch-ovens and skillets for the supper that night, we did not doubt that statement in the least.

They had no tent, but slept on the ground, and lived on hot biscuit, wild game, etc. An invalid must indeed be far gone if unable to rally by this kind of treatment.

Among our new acquaintances and quick made friends was a very old lady—nearly eighty—who was so weak before starting on her camping trip that she was unable to sit up but a few moments at a time. When they started she was lifted into the wagon and placed on a bed which had been prepared for her. But now there was a tinge on her wrinkled cheeks, and her eyes were bright, and her step seemed nearly as elastic as that of a young woman. She told us she would be perfectly satisfied if there had been room in the wagon for her rocking chair.

She was a pert, little grandmother and loved to tell funny stories, and rehearse the experiences of her early life. Linnie and Eda listened with close attention, and looked at each other amazed and somewhat incredulous as the aged dame told about crossing the plains in '49, and how folks lived when she was a gal.

Ben and Harry spent the evening in romping and playing around the camp-fires with other children, and it was late in the evening before we retired.

The next morning we were somewhat diverted to see the long rows of uncovered heads that were lying near our tent, and notice the diversity of colors. They were different shades of white and brown and red.

But presently one after another began to rise, and about nine o'clock we parted from our friends—who took another road—and continued our journey southward.

As the day was very warm and the road dusty, we drove slowly and stopped occasionally in the shadow of some large oak, or near some stream where the horses could rest while the boys searched for game, and the girls gathered flowers to adorn and perfume our carriage.

Flowers, and ferns, and moss, and grass, and bearded grain, and starfish, and curious rocks were tied to the bows, and pinned to the cover, and crowded under the seat, until we could well have passed for a traveling museum.

Before night we came to the foot of a mountain and seeing no water or good camping ground we concluded to continue our journey in the cool of the evening. When about half way to the summit, Will and Ben turned off on an old road to have—so they said—a little hunt. As we continued to climb the grade we heard the report of their gun every few moments, and every

crack and reverberation seemed farther away, until our ears completely failed to catch the faint sound as it came struggling up from the canyon below.

As we were all suffering with thirst and could find no water, we were compelled to go on until night had overtaken us on a strange and gloomy mountain.

Here we paused and called first "Will" and then "Ben," but received no reply except the pensive sighing and moaning of the wind.

Finally we resolved to travel on, and down, down we went until we were two or three miles from the summit, then we distinguished a little light away up the side of the mountain, and nearly a quarter of a mile distant.

The girls immediately seized the bucket, and starting up the steep ascent said they would have some water if they had to pay two bits a drink.

They soon returned, bringing a sup-

ply which was not the best, but we were so thirsty that we drank it without waiting to complain of the quality.

When we had gone about another mile and reached the foot of the mountain, we came to a stream and succeeded in finding a level spot near the road large enough for our tent.

With some difficulty we gathered a few sticks, sufficient to make a little fire, after which we prepared supper thinking the boys would arrive by that time.

Supper being over we became very anxious and strained our eyes gazing through the dim color of night, and the girls said with tremulous voices, "Don't you think you can hear them coming? Certainly they ought to be here by this time;" and Harry cried because he was afraid an old grizzly had caught them.

Thus we watched and waited until very late, when tired as we were, we resolved to go back and search for the lost.

As we were about to start we heard a shrill whistle on the mountain side, which was followed by the flash and report of the shot-gun. "There they come," shouted Harry. The girls clapped their hands and said "Good. We are so glad."

And while a thrill of joy entered our hearts, and the pleasure of instantaneous relief fell like a benediction of the night upon us, we took a long breath in concert, and then welcomed the prodigals, who came loaded with game.

It was past the hour of midnight ere we fell asleep, and in the morning twilight our quiet slumber was disturbed by the thunder of lumber wagons, which were on their way from the mountain mills to the railroad.

The mountains now subsided into hills and about the middle of the day we beheld just below us the thrifty little village of Cloverdale. It is at the end of a narrow but fertile valley with mountains on either side which shelter

it from the coast winds and fogs. It is an infant city, slumbering in nature's cradle, bathed in a flood of sunshine, and adorned with richly colored and sweet-scented flowers.

But it cannot long remain a babe, for it is not only the terminus of the railroad but also the starting point of several popular stage lines.

The iron horse which comes every day running up the valley, halts here, as if afraid to venture farther on among the mountains and canyons. A vast amount of freight is shipped to this town and then hauled on heavy wagons into the mountains and valleys beyond.

The road along this valley was so hard and smooth that it resembled a city avenue.

The sun shone with midsummer brightness and the air was so quiet that there was not even the lightest stir among the leaves or grass, and we soon began to sigh for the pleasant and

refreshing forest shade or the cool breeze of the ocean.

It has well been said that in a few hours' travel in California a person can find any climate he desires. But one could scarcely realize that a few miles could possibly make such a difference. At the coast, only about forty miles distant, ladies were wearing their winter clothing and heavy cloaks, while in this valley they were clothed in light lawns and white dresses, and carrying parasols and fans instead of wraps.

We reached Healdsburg a little before sundown and found a camping place near the river.

It was a lovely evening and our young folks greatly enjoyed a lively promenade along the river bank, across the long bridge, and through some of the principal streets of this pleasant village.

Ben and Harry found amusement playing in the sand and skipping stones on the water, where the silver ripples

were dancing to the music of bees and birds, while we who had traveled farther on the journey of life were content to sit within the tent door and enjoy the enjoyment of the young.

Healdsburg is a thriving town considerably larger than Cloverdale and pleasantly situated in the broad and rich valley.

Here the Seventh Day Adventists have their stronghold. Disregarding the sanctities of the glorious Lord's day, they, like the Jews—who do not believe in the divinity of Christ—keep Saturday instead of Sunday.

Next day we went to Santa Rosa, the valley like a river still widening as we neared the sea, and large vineyards and orchards appearing all the way.

We reached Santa Rosa early in the afternoon and had considerable difficulty in finding a place to pitch our tent.

While the boys were looking for a

camping ground, we girls remained in the wagon in one of the principal streets.

This was during the Fair, and crowds of well dressed cheerful-looking people were moving in every direction.

Our canvas curtain was rolled up so as to afford us the benefit of the breeze and also a glimpse of life as it exists in this beautiful and enterprising city.

We had on our camping suits and broad sun hats, and a thick covering of dust. And judging from the side glances, and mirthful looks that were cast at us, we were taken for gypsies, or way-worn emigrants looking for a home.

After an hour had passed during which time we were a gazing-stock for old and young, rich and poor, black and white, our young and brave heroes returned and we were quickly transferred to a comfortable camping ground by the side of the stream.

After a liberal use of water and a

little quiet rest, we all started out for a walk.

Our attention was called to the Baptist church which is probably the largest house of worship in Santa Rosa. It is ceiled throughout and we were credibly informed that the entire building including pews and pulpit was built from one redwood tree, and besides the material used for the church there were eighty thousand shingles sawn from the remainder of the tree. As we had been through the redwood forest we did not think this the least incredible.

We also noticed the Young Ladies' Seminary, which is a beautiful building surrounded by lovely lawns, walks and flowers.

We heard the ability and earnest zeal of the sisters who own the Seminary, mentioned by many in highest terms. One lady said, "All the girls who attend that school turn out well."

The boys took us to see a large bal-

loon that was struggling to get away from the world. As we looked upon the bulky but light and aerial structure, swaying back and forth as if filled with sensitive nerves, now settling down for an instant in quietude as if exhausted by its efforts for victory and freedom, now rallying as with renewed strength and springing upward like a chained eagle endeavoring to break the fetters that held it to the earth, we were forcibly reminded of many whom we knew to be held down by the strong chains of vice, struggling to get free but unable to break the iron bands that held them down.

It seems to me that if there is one creature on earth more to be pitied than another, it is a human being made in the image of God, who is overcome by temptation, and yet struggling in vain to break loose from the strong grasp of the vice which he knows to be an oppressive tyrant.

Indeed it was not necessary to call

to remembrance those whom we had known, for we were able even then to look upon some whose very appearance gave evidence of inward battles, heart and soul struggles with evil.

It was only necessary for us to look in the faces of many around us in order to realize that "the flesh warreth against the spirit and the spirit against the flesh, and these are contrary the one to the other."

When we returned to our camp a gentleman told us that it was not safe for us to remain there during the night, that unfortunately we had located in the part of town where all the roughs were in the habit of passing from one haunt of vice to another.

After the daylight had disappeared and the full moon was shining upon us, the boys harnessed our horses while the girls packed the tent and bedding, and then we rolled out to find a place where we could sleep in peace and safety.

After continuing our journey about

three or four miles we found a little spot of grass in a corner where two fences joined, and there by the glowing moonlight, we set up our tent, and were soon peacefully at rest, while our hearts were filled with thankfulness and gratitude to God.

But we did not sleep much during the night. Wagons kept passing until nearly morning; also men on horseback, and on foot, several of whom were under the powerful influence of alcohol.

One poor fellow was raving and cursing like a mad man, while a woman, I know not whether a mother, wife or sister, followed the inebriate, sobbing and crying piteously. Several remarks were made concerning our tent but no one interfered with our humble abode.

The next day we arrived at Petaluma, another California village, that was filled with California push and enterprise.

Here we also found it inconvenient to secure a camping place. One kind

gentleman gave us permission to pitch our tent in a corral among the cattle, another said if it were not for the teams coming and going, we could camp in the lumber yard. Finally, some one told us of a place outside the town where the gypsies were in the habit of camping and we concluded to go there.

We found it a very good place but almost impossible to secure wood enough to make a fire. Will and Ben, however, climbed some of the gum trees and broke off dead limbs sufficient to answer all purposes.

A few rods away and near the fence there was a mound of fresh earth which resembled a grave, and Will said he expected one of the gypsies was buried there. The girls hastened away from the grave and began to make objections to camping over the Sabbath with a dead gypsy. Little Harry, however, was not so easily frightened. He said, "A hundred dead gypsies could not scare me if they were all buried in the ground."

After a while Ben said some of the boys told him it was only a dog that was buried there.

Then the girls' faces brightened up as Eda remarked that she was not afraid of a dog but she would be of a gypsy dead or alive.

While in this town we visited the woolen mills, of which we had heard before leaving home. Here we watched the wool from where it was emptied from the sack, just as it had been shorn from the sheep, dusty and matted, to where it was picked, cleaned, carded, spun, (three hundred and sixty threads at a time by one man,) woven, dyed, and hung on the line bright red, soft flannel.

As we gazed upon the unclean wool going in, and the beautiful cloth that would honor a king's wardrobe coming out by the hundreds of yards, we were reminded of the long time ago when the New England mothers and daughters persevered in their irksome method

of cloth-making by hand. The wool had to be washed, picked, carded and then spun one thread at a time. The weary house-wife would walk back and forth, deftly handling the wheel with one hand and the yarn with the other.

And then the slow process of weaving by gliding the shuttle to and fro, first with the right hand and then with the left, while the blue-striped or plaid web grew from one to six yards a day. What would our great grandmothers think, if they could stand for an hour in this manufactory, and see the wool going in and the cloth coming out?

The next morning it was the Sabbath sun that smiled upon us again, but we were about one hundred miles from where we camped the Sabbath before, and how vastly different were our surroundings! Instead of nature's calm and harmonious music, our ears were greeted with the coarse voices of shouting boys, the rattle of cow-bells, the squealing of pigs and the sound of ham-

mer and axe. But we had the opportunity of going to the house of God and hearing a clear and forcible sermon on the atonement.

On the following day we drove to San Rafael where we met some kind friends, who not only invited us to camp in their yard, but endeavored to make it as comfortable and pleasant for us as possible, even furnishing feed for our horses and insisting that we should eat at their table. Here we were so comfortably and bounteously entertained by such cheerful, refined and Christian company that our stay was somewhat prolonged.

San Rafael is a delightful little city containing many elegant and costly mansions. In front of these fine residences were beautiful lawns which were bordered with the choicest shrubbery and flowers, and shaded by handsome trees, and kept green and flourishing by the refreshing spray of many fountains.

Beneath these trees and in the midst of dahlias, roses and other lovely and odorous blossoms were bright-faced boys and girls who were richly clad, and as happy as the larks whose joyful songs had cheered us during the day.

Beautiful children, with beautiful homes in a beautiful 'city. Happy children in a happy community, surrounded by happy friends and associates.

But in this town we also saw houses that were far from being mansions.

Near these fine and decorated homes were dwellings that were small and somewhat dilapidated. In front and around these humble abodes were also lovely and merry children. Their homes were far from being elegant, their clothing was not fine, and we may reasonably suppose that their fare was very plain. But the greater and richer blessings were theirs. The bird-songs were for them, the sunshine was for them, the pure atmosphere was for

them, the sweet perfume that came from the gardens of their wealthy neighbors was for them, and even that city of glory where the girls and boys are playing on the golden streets, is for poor children as truly as for the wealthy.

“The rich and poor meet together; the Lord is the maker of them all.”

CHAPTER V.

SIGHT-SEEING IN SAN FRANCISCO.

Leaving our team in the care of our friends we took the train for San Francisco.

Linnie had never seen the cars before. All her days had been passed among the mountains. She knew how to saddle and ride a horse, paddle a canoe, row a boat across the lake or shoot a deer, but the sharp whistle of the engine and the running away of the house on wheels, was more than she had bargained for, but she could not stop the iron horse by clinging to the seat and saying barely loud enough to be heard : "Wh-o-a, easy there. hold on if you please."

After passing through a tunnel and darting out into the light, the girl of the mountains wore an expression of

anxiety and although somewhat amused at such *innocence abroad*, we hastened to speak comforting words and assure our young companion that her fears were only imaginary.

When we stepped from the train Linnie took a long breath like one escaping from prison, while Eda and the boys could not suppress their feelings of merriment, and thought it a blessing that our ride in the cars was ended.

Now we passed from the train into the boat, which to Linnie seemed like a vast floating palace occupied by the sons and daughters of a king. It is very probable that those who are in the habit of crossing the bay every few days have become familiar with the ever varying lights and shadows of the clouds and water which make the bay and surrounding shores a scene of beauty and grandeur, so that they are able to cross and recross without realizing the glory by which they are surrounded.

It indeed seemed not a little strange that ladies and gentlemen could sit quietly poring over the pages of a daily paper or love-sick novel, while thus gliding over the eloquent tongue of the continent within the very lips of the Golden Gate.

If ever we desired more than one pair of eyes so that we could look in every direction at the same time, it was on that lovely and long to be remembered morning.

In one direction lay Oakland, "the crowning city, whose merchants are princes, whose traffickers are the honorable of the earth." In another direction was America's broad and wonderful gate, which was open for all who desired to enter except the poor Mongolian. He is requested to turn back on the cold wave. But if the gate of this land of Liberty is closed to the Chinaman, the golden gate of heaven itself is not.

“ That gate ajar stands free for all
Who seek through it salvation ;
The rich and poor, the great and small,
Of every tribe and nation.”

Stretching far away to the south was an arm of the bay that blazed with flashing diamonds of the first water. And then there stood the great sea goat with his ponderous head above the surface and all ready to butt any vessel that might be foolish enough to venture too near. White-sailed yachts and boats were skimming over the waves almost as lightly and swiftly as the white-winged gulls. Steamboats were moving speedily in various directions, while on their decks were scores of men, women, and children, who were fanned by the ocean breeze and bathed in the morning sunlight. And then the large ships that had come from different parts of the world were lying at anchor, rocking as gently as a family cradle, while the forest of masts reminded us of a New England cedar swamp a few years after the fire had passed through

it killing all the trees. And toward that forest of dead trees, which swayed back and forth with every wave, our boat seemed to be swiftly moving.

When we reached the landing we were borne along by the motley crowd until we found ourselves on one of the principal streets of the great city of the west. Here we beheld the surging tide of restless humanity. Men, women and children of different rank, color and nationality, rushed hither and thither with the speed of a belated traveler in a wilderness, or one in search of a lost treasure.

And we noticed almost immediately that the vast crowds who were driven along so swiftly by the city excitement, had a more anxious and careworn look than those who live in the solitudes of California hills and dales.

And although we failed to see the calm serenity of countenance we had noticed in the country, we beheld many aged men and women who went

bounding along with nearly as much vivacity as that of the young.

In the metropolis we wished to visit the most noted places, consequently we took the street car for Woodward's Gardens.

Here we were much interested in the richly colored flowers which seemed to fill the air with sweet perfume, appearing in various shades and tints along the walks and in many other places throughout the entertaining and instructive garden.

We also passed through the aquarium and examined the fish of different species that moved slowly and gracefully through the water as if proud to show themselves to visitors.

Our young ladies paid great attention to the birds which were arrayed in garments of many colors and greeted us in varied tones of expression, and a diversity of voices. These feathered songsters are numerous and ranged in size, all the way from the tiny hum-

ming bird to the ostrich that was considerably taller than Harry. This, however, was very small when compared with some of which we have read. In Africa they have been known to be eight feet tall and to weigh three hundred pounds.

As this monster bird stood still and allowed the girls to stroke its glossy plumage while it endeavored to pick the buttons from Ben's coat we were reminded of the proverb used by the Arabs, "stupid as an ostrich."

The boys spent several minutes looking at the alligators, which, as Ben said, winked sideways because they couldn't help it. They were lazy looking creatures sluggishly resting on their stone bed. We also looked into the home of Mr. Grizzly and companion, the old gentleman appeared very sociable, but we did not fancy his looks; he resembled some old toper who in a drunken row had been unfortunate enough to lose a portion of his nose.

As this big clumsy looking creature went springing up the frame that stands in the center of the pit, Harry ran away saying "He is after us, and he will eat every last one of us if we don't get away from here."

Harry, however, was not alarmed at the young black bear which was in an enclosure by itself, and was standing erect flourishing its paws seemingly as playful as a dog. He said "That little bear wants to have some fun," and he started to climb in to play with it. Eda caught him, exclaiming "You foolish boy, if you was in there the bear would have fun, but it wouldn't be fun for you."

We visited the happy family and found all hands in a quarrel, "Happy family I should say," exclaimed Linnie.

A poor kitten was endeavoring to escape from a vicious little dog which seemed determined to kill it if possible. But when the dog would attempt to bite the kitten a number of monkeys

would take him by his legs and draw him away. Had not the monkeys interfered the kitten would certainly have been killed.

There was much scolding, threatening, boxing of ears and fault-finding among the members of the happy family.

We also called on Mr. Camel and found him lying on his bed taking a little rest. Will asked him to get up and show himself, and he did so very politely. He is a bony, hump-backed and coarse looking fellow, with large cushioned feet, and although not handsome, is very useful when on the desert, as he can travel nearly a week without water. We have read of camels so strong as to be able to carry sixteen hundred pounds, and some so swift that they can travel one hundred miles in a single day.

We were introduced to the king, who is a powerful looking creature, with long hair, heavy beard, and a strong

voice. His name is Lion, and he is well called the king of beasts.

As we stood before him he opened his mouth and gave a fearful roar. The girls were startled and stepped back, and Harry said, "If he should break out wouldn't we run?"

After passing from one object of interest to another, carefully scanning the tigers, leopards, hyenas and many other beasts, and sailing a few times around in the wheel boat, and examining many curiosities in the building, we passed out and mingled with the marching crowd.

As we had heard much about the Battle of Waterloo we concluded to visit that wonderful scene. After passing into a large round building and through the darkness up a flight of stairs we found ourselves standing—to all appearance—in the center of a vast battle field, and surrounded by a raging tempest of carnage. There, upon our right hand and on our left, lay the ghastly dead

in the midst of the mournful dying, mangled forms trampled and crushed beneath the feet of the war-horse, and arms dripping with blood. Soldiers falling from their saddles and riderless horses plunging into disordered and broken ranks, while burning buildings, bursting shells, shattered gun-carriages and moving ambulances could be seen in various directions. It seemed as though we could almost hear the roar of the artillery, the shout of the victorious and the shrieks of the wounded and the moans of the expiring.

We never before had such a realizing sense of the horrors of war, as while standing there in the midst of thousands of brave soldiers who were wildly rushing forward to the slaughter of their brethren, as innocent as themselves. There were the commanding officers with their hands uplifted giving directions to officers beneath them.

Away in the distance was the army of Blucher coming to decide the heart-

rending contest and send the brave Napoleon away into exile.

As we gazed upon that raging battle and beheld the falling and splintered trees, the puffs of white smoke from the mouths of the muskets and cannons, the flattened fences, the fresh earth torn and riddled by grape and cannister, and the fields of grain turned into blood-stained couches for the thousands who have been torn and butchered and mangled, not by wild beasts, not by the devastating tornado, not by the railroad disaster, but by intelligent and educated gentlemen, we felt to ask with David, "What is man?"

"Oh tell me can it be on earth,

Such scenes of horror have their birth?"

How earnestly should Christians pray for the coming forth of that glorious day when the nations shall learn war no more because the earth will be filled with the knowledge of God. It seemed wonderful indeed that a paint-

ing could be made so perfect and so real.

Near where we stood was the natural ground on which was scattered arms, knapsacks, canteens, clothing and small trees.

We never knew before that manzanita bushes grew in Belgium and on the field of Waterloo. It was difficult to tell where the ground ended and the painting began.

After coming out, and standing again on the street, we looked upon the building and wondered how such a vast scene could be contained in a brick house which occupied only a portion of a block. We could scarcely realize that the vast country over which we had been looking, apparently several miles in each direction, was contained in that edifice.

Our young friends desired to visit the Golden Gate Park and the Cliff House, consequently we took the cable car and started for those popular places

of entertainment and recreation.

Now we find ourselves seated in an open car, to which neither horse nor engine is attached, and moving swiftly along the middle of the street.

Linnie wanted to know what was hauling the car, and Harry said "It just goes itself." When we went gliding up a hill he remarked, "It must be a strong car to haul itself and so many people too."

On reaching the Park we found a delightful resort, especially for those whose homes and places of business are wedged in among the buildings and blocks of the city.

Fine carriages were rolling on the principal avenues, and many ladies and gentlemen were leisurely strolling along the graveled walks or resting in comfortable seats beneath the shade, while happy children walked hand in hand as with their joyous prattle they seemed to add additional happiness to their parents and friends.

Our young folks were much interested in the statue of General Garfield. They thought it looked so noble and life-like, and they were loath to turn their eyes away from the monument of the good, wise and patriotic President who had been so shamefully murdered.

The conservatory—a large glass building—is one of the most interesting and pleasant places we have ever visited. We seemed to be walking among the petals of some gigantic blossom that had bloomed on the sun and been brought by some flower-loving angel to this lower world to refresh and comfort the weary sons and daughters of earth.

Enveloped in a cloud of perfume that was almost suffocating we wondered if earth could afford a lovelier and sweeter spot.

It seems to me that any attempt to describe the flowers and plants with all their variety of richness, delicacy and beauty, would be a failure.

While looking upon some of those wonderful plants we felt compelled to say, "Entreat me not to leave thee." Indeed we could have lingered there for several hours, had we not been reminded of the fact that "time flies."

As we left that translucent mansion that seemed almost ready to burst with sweetness, we never expected to stand in a more lovely place on this side of Jordan. Over there, however, we hope to find this conservatory *equaled* if not surpassed.

The girls would like to have gathered a bouquet, but those flowers were too precious for ordinary use.

From the Park we took the dummy and went to the Cliff House. The road ran most of the way through dry, dreary, sand hills which Harry said were beautiful. Some of the ladies laughed at the child's idea of beauty, and he added, "beautiful to play in." We were told that a large portion of the ground on which the city stands

was once covered with such sand dunes as these.

In a few moments we find ourselves again standing face to face with the Pacific, looking far out over the "laughing water" in the direction of China.

Although there was no forest, hill or mountain to obstruct our vision, our eyes were not quite large enough to see the land of the Celestials.

Here we stand on a cliff which overhangs the sea, and just beyond are the islets of rock which rise above the waves and are known as the renowned "seal rocks."

Here are scores of sea-lions, some on the higher rocks basking in the sunshine, some climbing the ledges, and others tumbling in the water below.

It is both interesting and amusing to watch through a spy-glass these awkward and clumsy creatures as they rise from their watery dens and climb with an air of independence the recessed walls of their old wave-washed castles,

which are safely moored in the depths below. Those seals, as if aware of the fact that they are protected by the laws of the land, seem altogether independent and indifferent to the presence of man, moving with boldness and sleeping in safety.

They are of various sizes; the largest would weigh, perhaps, three hundred pound. They have large eyes, small web feet, and very small heads, and although so slow and clumsy on the rocks, in the water they shoot back and forth like arrows in the air, apparently as much at home as the salmon or cod. Although they growl and bark and occasionally when disputing the priority of right to some desirable location, strike and bite each other, they seem to enjoy life better than some human beings we have known.

There were also many huge birds which claimed an interest in those rocky abodes of the sea. Great pelicans were flapping their wings, while numerous

gulls were resting on the higher pinna-
cles or spreading their sails to the ocean
breeze.

From the Cliff House we passed up
to Sutro Heights, and having no de-
scription of this resort, we were agree-
ably surprised as we entered the gate,
to find ourselves within what appeared
a beautiful garden. Following a broad
walk which was fringed with gerani-
ums, heliotropes, fuchsias, pansies and
other flowers that were unusually large
and brilliant, and stopping now and
again to admire some interesting
statue, we passed along to the right,
through a miniature park, where carven
deer, dogs and other animals were lying
on the grass, and found ourselves on the
highest point where we could look away
down to the Cliff House. There was a
railing and statues a short distance
apart all around this height, After
resting a few minutes we climbed to
the top of an adjoining building, when
one said, "What a glorious view we

would have of the distant islands were it not for that bank of fog away in the western horizon." But the bank seemed to be immovable, and we have that view left for some future time.

From this height a flight of stairs led down the opposite side, and following another path we came to a circle of grotesque images, which the children thought must be to represent some of the fairy tales they had read. There is also a conservatory here, which, although inferior to the one at the Park, is filled with rare and beautiful plants and flowers, interspersed with statuary.

At the door Harry cried, "Oh, look, how pretty the sea and everything else is, it is red as if it was a big fire."

Eda looking through the same door said, "Why, Harry, it is all a bright green."

To me everything looked as blue as it does on a "blue Monday." But, so it is through life, the world generally

looks to us about the color of the glass through which we view it.

For several hours we wandered through the labyrinthine paths and found new beauty in art and nature on every side. Here it would be a large group of dahlias of every shade and color and magnificent in size, and at the next turn a bed of gorgeous hued gladioli greeted our admiring eyes; and when compelled to leave we wondered how long we could have roamed through this attractive place finding pleasant things to admire.

But we could not tarry all the time in the pleasing portions of San Francisco, so turned to that which is considered the "plague spot," Chinatown.

Passing from the bustling throngs of English-clad people of Market and Kearny streets to the foreign dressed crowds of Dupont, had it not been that the buildings were decidedly American, we could easily have imagined ourselves in another land.

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Among the many foreign curios displayed in the shop windows we noticed pagodas, vessels, and other articles of carved ivory which were very beautiful.

The china was as delicately tinted as the petals of a rose and so frail and delicate that it seemed as if it might be crushed as easily as an egg shell.

We stepped into one of the art stores and were disappointed, for the choice pictures were but an elaboration of the ones to be seen on their fans and tea-chests. Their drugs and medicines were in packages instead of bottles, and the customers undergoing operations in the barber-shop had a very ludicrous appearance, and the younger members of our party thought nothing less than a photograph could do them justice.

There were children playing on the streets who were dressed like the older persons, but they were neither so noisy or as obtrusive as "Young America."

In a little room under a store we saw a mother playing with a tiny babe

while another small child was leaning against her knee.

A fond father brought out his two year old son for us to admire. In answer to the query if he could talk, he proudly answered in the affirmative, but when asked if the child could speak our language, he shook his head saying "He no sabe 'Melican."

Among the vegetables we saw many that were new to us; one resembling the seed-pod of milkweed, we were told was a Chinese cucumber. In their meat market we saw meat and fish that had been shipped from China, and a large roasted hog was hanging there from which they were cutting slices for customers. It might have been very choice but we instantly lost all desire for roast pork.

We noticed some objects resembling biscuits that were for sale. One of the girls exclaimed "Biscuits for breakfast;" at the same time she touched one, and her finger went nearly through it, she

said "Oh, I don't want any of them." We did not have time to go to their theatre or "Joss house," but we visited the *Bon Ton* restaurant. It was finely ornamented with bright and shining brass work and the large chandeliers were sparkling with many prisms. Instead of chairs they used stools and in each room was a recess and two wooden pillows. These recesses must be very convenient for "John" when he eats too hard or too much he can lie down and rest.

We saw them gathered around their gaming table gesticulating vehemently, but we saw neither whiskey-bottles nor glasses, nor did we hear the loud uproar or oaths which issue from the gambling dens of those who say "The Chinese must go."

Leaving Chinatown we returned to Market street, and on our way to the wharf we noticed the wonderful Palace Hotel. This is a magnificent building, said to be the largest hotel in the

world, having accommodations for twelve hundred guests. It is seven stories high, and three hundred and fifty by two hundred and seventy feet on the ground and it cost about five hundred thousand dollars to furnish it. The cost of the building was one million seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and the ground on which it stands cost one million, making an aggregate of three million two hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

In passing along the principal streets we were continually jostled by the crowds, some of whom were moving with us and some in the opposite direction, while the street-cars, drays and carriages were so crowded together that one would naturally expect a continual coming in contact with each other, resulting in broken limbs, frightened horses, and splintered vehicles. But strange to say there was nothing of the kind. They moved among each other with nearly as much system as the

stars move in the heavens. Horses as truly as drivers seemed to understand the art of moving through the unoccupied spaces with care and caution. It was interesting to watch the stream of men, women and children that marched with a continual tramp down Market street toward the ferries.

We were in the crowd but felt so small we could scarcely find ourselves until we were on the deck of the steamer, and startled by the loud voice of the engine as the boat pulled out from the wharf.

Before leaving the landing, however, our young fellow-travelers went on board the *Victoria*, a large ship about three hundred feet long. The seamen were very kind and gentlemanly, taking them around through the great craft that travels the "wild and stormy main."

Will said he would like to be a sailor, but Harry thought there was danger of getting upset over a whale's back.

CHAPTER VII.

SANTA CLARA VALLEY.

Returning to San Rafael we bade our friends farewell and, after a half day's drive, were on our old gypsy camping ground in the suburb of Petaluma.

On the following day we had a pleasant drive to Sonoma, a neat little berg in one of California's pleasant valleys.

Here Linnie was fortunate enough to find an aunt whom she had never met before. We remained in Sonoma until the next day so that Linnie might enjoy a pleasant visit with her new found cousins, who seemed to be very amiable young people. When we were ready to resume our journey Linnie told us not to wait for her, that she would overtake us after a while.

We passed over a low mountain, and

about noon reached the Napa Valley. As the sun was very hot we camped in the shadow of a large oak, and had barely made ready our lunch, when Linnie and one of her cousins drove up in a fine buggy, and we all enjoyed "a feast of fat things," (squirrels and quails) which our persevering hunters had killed while crossing the range. Linnie spent a portion of the afternoon in riding through the principal streets of Napa, and then the young cousins bade each other farewell.

From Napa we went to Vallejo. Most of the way we found the road good; at one place, however, several men were repairing a bridge, and we were compelled to take another road and go a number of miles out of the regular way and over a high hill, where we found the road to be very rough, although passing through a beautiful neighborhood with an excellent class of buildings.

When we reached Vallejo the sun

was going down, and we began to look around for a place to camp. As soon as our canvas cover was discovered, children came from all directions, and *escorted* us to a corner lot where an old building had been torn down, and where the rank and tangled weeds made it appear like a little swamp. By the time our tent was up we were surrounded by boys and girls. They climbed in the wagon, crowded into the tent, and some perched themselves on the horses' backs; and, judging from their questions as to where we came from and where we were going, we concluded that they had never had much experience in regard to camp life. Some of them remained with us until about ten o'clock, and then went home by the glowing light of the twinkling stars.

The next morning we visited the navy-yard on Mare Island, and saw some wonderful machinery, piles of cannon balls and many large guns. We also saw the cannon that sank the *Alabama*.

Several war vessels were in the harbor apparently all ready for action; but we hoped that they might die of old age and go to decay without an opportunity of fighting other men-of-war. Besides the sectional floating dock, which to us was quite a curiosity, there were many other places of interest where we might have spent a much longer time with profit and enjoyment. Returning to our tent late in the afternoon we drove four miles to Benicia, another prosperous town situated on the Bay. Here we were shown an open field that was covered with fresh grass, and told that it was free for campers. In this field we were soon comfortably situated, while our horses were feasting on the rich grass, looking as happy as though they had discovered a bonanza.

Harry found a bird's nest with four tiny, unfledged birds, and we all accepted an invitation to go and see them, he leading the way. But the old birds

did not enjoy our visit, they flew around our heads and cried piteously, begging us to leave, despite Harry's repeated assurances that they should not be harmed.

After the sun went down the wind began to blow furiously, and in a short time it was very cold.

About the middle of the night, it seemed that our tent would "make to itself wings and fly away," and leave us unprotected from the roaring tempest. The boys put the break on the wagon to keep it from being blown into San Pablo Bay. Will drove the stakes of our tent farther into the ground so as to make it more secure. But the wind continued to blow with more and more force, until near the dawn of day, when the stakes on the windward side drew out, and our tent came down, fluttering like the torn sails of a vessel in a severe storm.

There we were in the cold wind and the darkness of night, endeavoring to

re-establish around us the walls that had fallen to the earth.

In our efforts to erect our demolished tent, which fluttered over our heads like a vicious bird of prey seeking to devour its victims, we realized that too much sail was not good for weak vessels, as we were pulled from our moorings, jostled against each other and tumbled on the ground, "heaps on heaps."

We were chilled and nearly discouraged, but Will said, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again;" so we continued trying until we succeeded, but our tent had several such windows (wind dcors) as the Kansas pre-emptor has in his cabin when he goes to prove up on his land.

During the excitement, the bottle which contained our antidote for snake bites was broken, and our tent and bedding became permeated with the contents. If a stranger had happened along at that time, and seen our per-

formances and smelt the medicine, he would not have taken us for Good Templars.

As for snakes, we are inclined to think they all left, we did not see any for several days. After we had made the tent secure the grey light of morning could be seen and being hungry we preferred breakfast to sleep. That morning we were in no hurry to start, as the wind continued to blow and we did not feel very vivacious after, (as Will said,) having such a spree in the night.

About the middle of the forenoon we drove our team on board the ferryboat and were on our way to Martinez.

As we left the wharf we noticed the huge boat coming from Port Costa bringing a long train of cars. It indeed seemed wonderful that a train of twenty or thirty cars, all loaded with freight and hundreds of passengers, could run on a boat and sail in a few moments across the bay to continue

its lightning speed on the other side.

After landing at Martinez and driving through the town which seemed like a tidy little place of three or four hundred inhabitants, we stopped for dinner.

On the left side of the road the fire had just swept over a vast region burning fences and large quantities of hay and grain.

We built our camp-fire on the burnt ground a short distance from the road, where any person could see that it was impossible for it to do any damage, yet several men and one or two women came from their houses and fields telling us to "look out for that fire."

And from passing wagons we were cautioned to "be careful of that fire." One said, "be sure and put out every spark." We soon learned why we were so sharply cautioned and warned. The fire that had just swept hundreds of acres was started by some careless campers. Had we known the bitter

feeling that existed against campers we would not have dared kindle a fire on any consideration.

On the right-hand side of the road was a neat farm cottage standing in the midst of a flourishing vineyard. Eda took a pail and went through the vineyard to the house for some water and soon returned bringing instead of water the pail full of milk which the lady of the house gave her.

May that kind good woman live long and have all the rich milk and cream she desires. We had a good old-fashioned bread and milk lunch, and the boys drank what was left. They said it tasted so good they thought it must be Jersey cow's milk.

After lunch we had driven only a few miles before we noticed a decided change in the weather. Our horses were wet with sweat and the only fan we had was kept in vigorous motion.

While passing over a hill, Ben went to a cottage that was perhaps an hun-

dred yards from the road for some water. He passed around on the opposite side of the house and we waited in the hot sun several minutes wondering why he was so delayed

After awhile we saw him running towards the wagon with the empty pail and a vicious dog behind him. He forgot all about the gate and came the nearest way, going over the picket fence with the agility of a cat in the same situation. Just as he cleared the fence a young lady called the dog, at the same time telling Ben to come for the water as the dog would not bite him.

The other boys and the girls reminded Ben occasionally of his hasty retreat and his peculiar style of climbing fences.

A little before sundown we reached Danville, situated in a rich farming country filled with an enterprising and religious class of people.

While driving through the town we

saw a tall gentleman of clerical appearance, and one of our company asked him if he could give us information as to where we could find a comfortable place to camp over the Sabbath.

He answered in the affirmative and in a few moments obtained permission from one of the trustees for us to camp in the school yard beneath a delightful grove of walnut and locust trees.

The next day we heard this gentleman preach an unusually thrilling and touching sermon which gave us to understand why he had been such a successful and popular pastor. This brother had just resigned his work on account of his health, and, if I remember correctly, this was his farewell sermon.

During a pastorate of ten years he had been instrumental in building up a strong self-sustaining church of nearly one hundred communicants who loved him as a faithful minister and a valiant soldier of the cross of Christ. We shall not soon forget the prayer of

this resigning pastor as he poured out his heart to God in behalf of the "dear little church."

His successor was on the field and although we did not hear him preach we were convinced that he was "a workman who needeth not to be ashamed." We heard many speak in highest terms of the new pastor as well as the old.

Several of the people visited us at our tent bringing us milk, fruit and other luxuries.

While we were conversing with these Christian friends we came to the conclusion that the minister did not deserve all the credit for the advancement of the church. While it is true that a good pastor is sure to elevate the flock, it is no less true that a good flock will elevate the pastor. We have known weak and uneducated congregations to whom the ministrations of a Spurgeon, or a Talmage would be acceptable only for a short time.

In many such churches the people are unthankful and calculated to blunt the energies, deaden the sensibilities and extinguish the fire in the soul of their pastor.

The next morning we were early on our way and found the road so good that our horses could trot most of the distance.

For several miles the broad thoroughfare was walled on either side by symmetrical trees planted in the long ago, and perhaps by hands that are now beneath the sod. The air was cool and bracing, and beautiful birds greeted us with their morning carols. Great drops of dew that glittered in the morning light reflecting the rainbow's beauty were hanging not only on either side, but also over our heads, while the sun was carefully wiping the tears from the sweet and dimpled faces of the flowers that appeared from time to time.

A ride through a strange but beautiful country while bathed in the fra-

grance of a sweet summer morning and surrounded by the works of Nature's God and the delights of a balmy Sabbath enriched with heavenly incense still fresh in the mind is glorious beyond description of tongue or pen. New objects for admiration and contemplation appeared one after another, broad fields, baling and threshing machines in operation, loaded fruit trees, cattle and sheep grazing in the pastures, and distant hills apparently coming nearer and lifting their heads as if to look down upon us.

We also passed farm houses of different forms and colors, many were unpainted and gray, but surrounded by much that is calculated to make life both blessed and pleasurable.

Occasionally in the yard, through the window or open door we would catch a passing glimpse of faces that were evidences of happy homes.

The aged grandmother with lint-white hair and a smile on her serene

countenance, a pleasant little wife in the garden conversing jocosely with her stalwart husband, pretty blue-eyed girls adorned with blue ribbons, playing in the shade and occasionally looking up among the blue plums and perhaps into the blue sky beyond; a tow-headed baby in front of the door toddling to meet a fond father who now with his strong arms tosses it high into the air. And the boys! they seemed to be everywhere, in the road, in the field, on the fences, and along the streams, some walking, some riding, and others hunting.

We noticed one little fellow with a shot gun stooping low as he crept cautiously along a fence seeking an opportunity to shoot a happy little squirrel.

After awhile we realized that the dew-drops have all vanished and not one to be seen, the sun shines with greater strength, and our horses object to traveling as swiftly as they did in the cool of the morning.

In the afternoon our road winds back and forth among hills and little valleys and oftentimes across a brook.

While passing quietly along the foot of a hill, we were startled by a loud scream, and looking behind us and on higher ground we beheld a steam engine followed by a train of cars flying directly toward us, and the next moment went shooting past with such arrow like velocity that the passengers through the open windows appeared like spirits passing away to another world.

Our horses threw up their heads, and setting their ears forward began to dance, but scarcely had time to be frightened before the iron horse was out of sight, and the cars like winged monsters, that lived ages before the creation of man, flew away beyond a hill chashing each other onward in their flight.

Late in the afternoon we came to a stream and a level spot on which we

concluded to set up out tent and remain during the night.

The sun was shining through a rose-colored cloud that seemed so soft and delicate, that we could only compare it to the robe which some angel had cast off while passing through the gates of the evening star.

But it was not an angel's robe nor any royal vesture that had blown from some distant world of light, but simply an earthly fabric in which were woven the dew drops that hung over our heads in the morning and passed away into the invisible even while we were gazing upon them.

Our young friends could scarcely realize that the morning dew drops were in yonder beautiful cloud so high in the heavens and wonderfully etherialized, consequently a few words of instruction, together with the following words of the poet were necessary for their satisfaction.

“ Though one by one the pearly drops of morning,
From drooping flowers, on viewless pinions rise,
We'll see them yet the gorgeous clouds adorning,
With glowing arches of celestial dyes.
Though one by one the friends we fondly cherish.
Withdraw from ours the cold and trembling hand,
And leave us sorrowful, they do not perish,
They yet shall greet us in a fairer land.”

The next day we reached the booming city of San Jose, and found a grand camping place in a vacant lot beneath a grove of oaks.

Here we remained two days and then on a warm afternoon we drove to Los Gatos, a distance of twelve miles, and through the world renowned Santa Clara valley.

On our way we stopped at Santa Clara, hoping to see a lady friend, but unfortunately she was not at home.

Arriving at Los Gatos a little before dark, we were granted permission to camp on the school lot where a new school house was in course of erection.

As the darkness gathered around us

we heard the music of a church bell, and we thought it had a Presbyterian tone, and we were not mistaken as some of our party responded to the invitation and found an interesting young people's meeting presided over by one of the San Francisco pastors, the Los Gatos pastor being absent. The next morning our city brother and his better-half called at our tent. We enjoyed their visit very much and spent about an hour in pleasant conversation. The metropolitan Bishop gave us valuable information concerning the road across the mountains to Santa Cruz as he had traveled with horse and buggy the same journey that we were about to undertake.

It was late in the afternoon when we left Los Gatos and began to move slowly up the well known and extensively traveled Santa Cruz mountains.

After climbing several miles, we heard the heavy and hoarse breathing and wheezing of the iron horse as he

came after us puffing and coughing as if nearly exhausted with his load of four cars besides passengers and freight.

At this point the wagon road is perhaps two hundred feet above the railroad, consequently we could see the train a long distance behind us, and after it had passed a long distance before us. It indeed seemed wonderful to behold a train of cars thus climbing the lofty range, moving first to the right and then to the left, now clinging to the almost perpendicular wall and passing beneath overhanging rocks, now darting out into a more open space. One moment bounding over a deep chasm, and the next running into a tunnel as a fox runs into his hole in the earth. But such is the ingenuity of man that he travels by water over the dry, rocky mountain, as well as on the ocean or river. A little hot water endeavoring to get out of prison to float among the sunbeams is strong enough to roll the ponderous engine and a

train of loaded cars to the summit of a lofty mountain.

On the south side and above the track ran a flume conveying water to the valley below, and in some places it was so high along the perpendicular ledges that the boys could not imagine how it was possible for men, without the aid of a flying machine, to place it there and fasten it securely.

About the middle of the afternoon we reached a point called Skyland, and we considered the name a very appropriate one. Far up in that beautiful sky land, bathed in the mellowed glory of the mid afternoon sun that filled the little elevated fields and mantled the skyland groves, we paused a few moments to gaze and reflect.

There we stood on the very fringe of the continent, looking out into the misty void in the direction of the sinking sun. And as the aged pilgrim who has about reached the end of the

journey of life looks back upon the world through which he has passed, and also forward into the ocean of eternity on whose very shore he lingers, so we could look back upon the continent over which we had traveled and also forward into the purple haze of the broad Pacific.

Behind and beneath us lay the great Santa Clara Valley, and just beyond the lofty Sierras, while before us we seemed to be looking into the impenetrable void as into eternity itself.

In this Skyland lived an aged minister of the gospel who was proclaiming the glad tidings of salvation to those who lived so near the calm and peaceful heavens. For years he had been toiling in the lowlands of California, but providentially had just been called to a higher, brighter and healthier land. But by and by his earthly work will be completed and then he will be called to come up

higher still, and dwell in the promised land away *beyond* the blue.

But as the day was passing and we were again going to the ocean we dared not linger longer on this "delectable mountain" from whence the "celestial city" seemed very near, consequently we moved forward and the brake of our wagon began to grind on the wheels.

Our horses, willing to take the advantage of the down hill portion of the road, went bounding around sharp curves, and over narrow and rickety bridges and along the margin of deep canyons and wooded ravines leaving a cloud of dust behind. While gliding down the western slope of the coast range we passed through some grand forests, with little openings here and there, in which were bare-headed children, barking dogs, and cackling hens.

We also had a glimpse of the popular "Hotel de Redwood," where invalids grow fat on pure spring water,

medicated mountain air and wild game.

About sundown we reached the foot of the mountain and pitched our tent in a beautiful grove where a picnic had been held a few days previous.

Near by was a large farm house where we secured a good supply of milk, butter and fruit, to which we did ample justice as the ocean breeze had again met us and sharpened our appetites, and, at the same time, giving us a friendly feeling for the roaring fire which the boys made for our evening's entertainment.

The next morning about ten o'clock we reached Soquel and spent nearly an hour in the paper mill. Here a large number of men were at work, some attending to the straw that was going into the machinery, and others carrying away the paper that came out in squares all ready for use.

After leaving Soquel we drove a

short distance on the Santa Cruz road and then turned to the left for Camp Capitola.

Near a little stream we stopped for dinner and reached the end of our journey about two o'clock in the afternoon. As we arrived at the top of the hill and looked down on Capitola our young friends were much excited.

The sandy shore was lined with men, women, and children, and playing in the surf and among the breaking billows that gently rolled in upon the beach, and then back into the deep, were scores of hilarious bathers. The little ones were near the shore, so near that the retreating waves would leave them like stranded fish endeavoring to swim on bare ground. Farther out among the breakers were larger boys and girls who were just learning to swim, and beyond these were ladies and gentlemen rising and falling on the waves with the ease and gracefulness of float-

ing water fowls.

The suits worn by the bathers were of such a variety of shade and color—black, blue, and white, green, plaid, and striped—as to add to the interest and attraction of the scene.

After finding a sheltered place for our horses and putting up our tent we all went to the beach and joined the crowd of amphibious mortals who were seeking health and enjoying pleasure. In a moment our youthful traveling companions had disappeared and as we looked for them both on the land and on the sea we were able only to discover little Harry, in a blue suit, running from an approaching wave; but the wave overtook him and rolled over his head, and we would have been frightened had there not been so many away beyond. As the wave went gliding back into the ocean, leaving Harry on the smooth sand, he knew for the first time what it is to take a sea bath.

It was very amusing to see the little boys and girls follow the waves back and then run as the next one came in, frequently disappearing beneath the foaming brine, but only to rise and shake themselves like young ducks playing in a meadow brook. Those little folks kept up such a shouting and laughing that we concluded the salt water must have a salutary effect upon the youthful blood.

But it was more interesting to notice the different ways in which the grown people met the billows. Some would retreat only to be overtaken, thrown from their feet, submerged, and then left sprawling like lobsters on the sand. Others would brace themselves and stand firm until the wave passed over them. Others would spring head first into it and darting like an arrow through it, come out on the other side. And others would rise and fall on the rolling waves as easily and gracefully as the

gondolas on the water streets of Venice.

Thus we were reminded of the different ways in which individuals meet trouble. Some fall beneath and are overwhelmed by it, others either stand firm against it or plunge through it, while still others rise gently upon it exclaiming: "I glory in tribulation also."

Many of the young ladies and gentlemen were under the training of professional swimming teachers. One of these professors had saved several lives. He said on one occasion he pulled a rich man out of the water and as the capitalist recovered consciousness he said to his rescuer: "You have saved my life and I will reward you for it as soon as I can change a five dollar bill."

The brave man who had risked his own life to save the life of the rich man replied: "You need not go to so much trouble as I shall not charge you anything."

It was very interesting to watch the

hundreds of young ladies and gentlemen (who had thus been trained in physical navigation) away out fifty rods from the shore playing hide and seek with the gently rolling waves.

They seemed as familiar with the black billows that march with mournful dirge over the ghastly dead as happy school children are with the little hills of their beloved playground. Sometimes one would disappear beneath the surface and for a moment our eyes would glance to the right and then to the left to see where he would come up. They would roll and plunge and chase each other to and fro without showing the least sign of fatigue.

Their suits were—like Joseph's coat—of many colors, but we sympathized with those garments that had suffered the amputation of every limb. The deficiency, however, was made up by sweet smiles and radiant blushes.

The sand over which the waves rolled

was smooth as a floor while beyond the reach of the surf it was dry and of such a character as not to soil the finest silk.

Each afternoon we spent three hours with the crowd which was about equally divided between those who were in the water and those who were reclining in the sand. We considered it a delightful and healthy mode of recreation, not only for the young and vigorous, but also for the aged and delicate.

Several mornings we arose at the first glimmer of dawn and went two or three miles down the coast in order to have the first selection of the treasures of the deep that had been thrown upon the shore during the night. The shells were tinged with many glowing colors, while the moss seemed so light and downy that we almost wondered if it did not grow on the wings of beautiful birds that have their homes on some lone and unknown isle of the sea.

One kind closely resembled a feather

duster, while another was of a purple shade, and so fine and delicate that a small sprig properly arranged on the surface of a bowl of water had the appearance of a miniature tree. A card placed under the floating sea feathers and raised gently out of the water has stamped upon it a wonderful picture of loveliness, surpassing the critical work of an experienced artist.

In one of our morning rambles on the beach we discovered a shark probably eight feet long, but he was powerless to harm us, having met his fate, perhaps as Ben suggested, in a duel with a sword fish.

Towards night we would see the fishermen going out in their boats and often when they returned in the morning the cry would be "we have toiled all night and taken nothing." Then again we would see them come in with a boat load of large shining denizens of the deep.

During our visit at Capitola we made the acquaintance of the captain of one of the pleasure yachts who told us many entertaining and some amusing stories. He said a very romantic couple wished to be united in marriage on the ocean beyond the bounds of any country and he was engaged to take them out in his yacht. When they came on board they were overflowing with mirth and happiness, and doubtless the lovers thought that nothing but death could ever separate them.

As the sails filled and the boat began to move seaward the young lady exclaimed rapturously, "Oh, George, isn't this just too lovely? I wish we could sail on and on forever." And the young man made reply as ardently as a lover should on such an occasion.

But soon the little vessel began to roll in the waters, rising and falling on the waves, and silence crept on apace and also the sensation upon which neither

romance nor love has the least effect.

Presently the young lady bowed her head and George anxiously asked, "Darling, do you love me now?" She answered "Yes, dear, my love is intense. I cannot describe it. Indeed my heart seems ready to burst with love to you, George, but the very thought of being married overcomes me."

In a few moments George was seized with the same intense and indescribable feeling and the young, lovely and loving couple withdrew from each others' near presence by mutual consent; and when, the hour of the ceremony came they utterly refused to be married and begged to go home to their mothers.

They desired no more sailing on and on together, but returned to the shore with single blessedness and also a better idea of matrimony on the deep, and were willing to be married in a more prosaic mode.

Among the pleasure seekers at Capi-

tola were the members of a brass band from one of the inland towns. They were accompanied by their female friends and judging from the noisy merriment which pervaded their camp until long after midnight. they were a jovial company.

When the holy and beautiful Sabbath dawned a minister who was there for his health asked permission to hold services, but was politely informed that they usually had skating or dancing on the Sabbath. He finally succeeded in obtaining the skating rink by agreeing to take a collection to pay for the use of it.

Notices were posted throughout the camp and out of the hundreds at Capitola perhaps fifty attended the service.

During that beautiful Lord's day pleasure and fishing parties left on the yachts and sail boats, larger crowds gathered on the beach at the hours for bathing, the band played its gayest airs, and young

girls went strolling away with dudes until we felt compelled to ask "where are the mothers?"

While standing in the light of the sweet Lord's day and looking over the crowd of gay pleasure seekers we saw many who notwithstanding their outward enjoyment and apparent happiness had an anxious and careworn look, which betokened sadness of heart and the internal fires of grief.

As the beautiful bells of the nightshade cannot remove the poisonous nature of the plant, so can neither laughter nor mirth drive sadness and remorse from the heart. "I said of laughter, It is mad; and of mirth, What doeth it?"

After noticing for some time the young people who were merrily flitting to and fro, like gaudy butterflies among garden trees and flowers, we looked out over the incoming tide and waves. Near the shore the billows were streaked

and grim with sand and mud washed up from the bottom of the sea. And then, while standing between the Bible picture and the great reality which it was intended to represent, we found more meaning than ever before in the words of the prophet: "The wicked are like the troubled sea, when it cannot rest, whose waters cast up mud and dirt; there is no peace for the wicked, saith my God."

I have no doubt but that very night at Capitola, there was many a sigh from the depths of the immortal soul and many a silent tear on the sleeper's cheek.

As the shadows of night gathered around us, the revelers became more boisterous. Loud talking and laughing and music and the discharge of firearms lasted until nearly daylight, disturbing the rest of the more quiet and those who suffered from sickness.

CHAPTER VIII.

G. A. R. REUNIONS.

The next morning we concluded to move to "Camp Alhambra," a quiet little resort just across the San Lorenzo River, south of Santa Cruz. Here we pitched our tent on a spot of level ground covered with soft grass about forty feet above the beach. We found this place far superior to Capitola. No saloons, consequently everything quiet, orderly and pleasant. The proprietor (Mr. Hall) seemed like an upright and accommodating gentleman.

Here we could rest in peace without being startled by horrid yells, bitter oaths and discharging pistols. Here we could look upon and contemplate the works of God, without being compelled to behold scenes that are calcu

lated to bring tears to the eyes and leave dark spots on the memory.

Here we could walk out of our tent in the evening twilight, and, looking up into the star spangled heavens and out over the rolling deep and away toward the dark wooded mountains, and listening to the music of nature, grasp the sentiment of the poet:

“Cathedral, boundless as our wonder,
Whose quenchless lamps the sun and moon supply ;
Its choir, the winds and waves ; its organ, thunder ;
Its dome, the sky.”

Here, after retiring to rest, we could hear the rhythmical beating of the rising tide against the cliff, and, at short intervals, discern, amid the roaring of the waves, something like the discharge of artillery. We thought it must be caused by the breaking away of a portion of the bank and wondered if it could break away as far as our tent. Then to our mind came the promise, “Hitherto shalt thou come but no fur-

ther; and here shall thy proud waves be stayed."

In the morning, when we visited the shore, we found everything as calm and peaceful as on the evening before, and it was sometime ere we learned the cause of these explosions. There were caves along the cliff, which were worn by the surging of the wind-tossed waves, and, at the turn of the full tide, a large wave sealed the mouth of a cave, pressing the atmosphere before it and the explosion was caused by the breaking of the watery seal.

Our young folks went bathing in the San Lorenzo and thought it delightful, as it was sheltered from the wind and the water was warmer than in the ocean. In this pleasant place, the river seemed alive with scores of young people, who were not backward in manifesting the exhilarating effects of the salt water and sea air upon the youthful blood. Some were in deep water

playing with apparent ease, occasionally disappearing for a moment, and then coming up in another place to fill their lungs with fresh air. Others were climbing into boats and then bounding out in the water again, while each endeavored to excel all the others in laughing and talking the loudest.

Several of the girls were jumping from the foot bridge, which was a few feet above the water. This to Eda seemed like very fine fun, and she concluded to join the party and become a participant in the exercises. Off she went, and, as she could not swim and the water was quite deep, she had a very unpleasant experience and probably would have drowned had there been no others there. She learned, however, the valuable lesson not to jump into danger because others do.

We drove out to the Santa Cruz lighthouse, which is far inferior to the one at Point Arena, but the lighthouse mu-

seum is delightful, as it contains beautiful shells and wonderful curiosities from various parts of the world. The ladies who have charge of the lighthouse were very pleasant and accommodating.

August fifth was to be a gala day and one long to be remembered in Santa Cruz, as an invitation had been given and accepted and the Grand Army of the Republic was to honor the city with its presence. At an early hour, we crossed the foot bridge which unites Camp Alhambra and Santa Cruz, and in the High School ground awaited the arrival of the G. A. R. The High School building is very fine and commands a grand view of the city of the Holy Cross and also of Monterey Bay.

Bright flags were waving in the breeze, and the streets were thronged with gaily dressed people. The plaza had been turned into a bower of evergreens. The pillars upholding the green canopy were

wreathed with flowers. Each pillar was of one variety of blossoms, making a grand display of roses, dahlias, geraniums, chrysanthemums and other floral beauties, too numerous to mention.

Had it not been for the tables within this bower, loaded with rich and substantial provisions, we could have imagined ourselves near some sylvan retreat of the fairies.

The trains came in and the soldiers received hearty cheers, congratulations and such poetical invitations as:

“Will you come to the bower we have shaded for you?
Your bread and your meat shall be fresh, sweet and
new;

Then haste to the plaza, ye brave boys in blue,
And charge double quick on the big barbecue.”

The Grand Army then marched up the hill, and the aged veterans forgot that they were halt, lame or blind, as with quick step they kept time to the stirring old tune “Marching Through Georgia,” and soon reached the entrance to the feast. We were thinking sadly

of the other brave boys who were lying in nameless graves, when near at hand one soldier broke from the ranks, and with a cry from the heart, such as we did not think it possible for a man to utter, he threw his arms around the neck of one of the bystanders.

The company halted, but he waved his hand with a "go on boys," and there they stood, two elderly men locked in a close embrace, tears of joy slowly stealing down their bronzed cheeks.

We never knew whether they were brothers or comrades, but tears filled our eyes at the joy and comfort of the unexpected meeting.

We thought, will it not be so in the great hereafter, when a ransomed soul "washed in the blood of the lamb," enters the city of glory, cheered by bands of heavenly music; will he not here and there, as he walks along the gold paved streets, see some loved and almost forgotten friend, and with a glad

cry of remembrance and joy, the old friends "greet each other there." "Eye hath not seen," therefore we cannot know.

There were many happy faces and joyous greetings that day, and the bounteous lunch provided by the liberal people, was sufficient not only for the G. A. R., but also for all other visitors.

We desired to be at San Jose for the reunion of the Grand Army there, so we made preparations in the morning to start eastward again.

It was with feelings of regret that we visited the beach for the last time. The ocean had proved so interesting to us, such a mysterious world, with its caverns of wealth and woe; its fields and forests filled with life so different from that in the world around us; its everchanging hues and moods, from the hour when with its untiring surge it would seem as if it must sweep on and on and seize everything before it,

to the hour when it would lay peacefully asleep, reflecting the tender shining of the stars and moon. During our week's stay on the beach we had wandered in our thoughts through the low-lying valleys, among coral groves, and blue and purple sea-flowers, and millions of sporting gold fish. We had walked on the floor of glittering sand and snowy pearl-shells and beheld the green and crimson flags waving in the calm and glassy water as gracefully as the prairie grass waves in a summer breeze.

We had looked up and beheld white-winged vessels, flying like giant birds, five miles above our heads. We had stood on the tops of lofty mountains with thousands of feet of surging brine above us, and looked down into dark canyons and gorges two and three miles deep. We had wearily climbed those rocky paths that have never been trodden by human feet until we stood on

some distant islet, and in the midst of the glowing sunlight and the balmy air of a higher realm, a new world.

“The water is calm and still below,
For the winds and waves are absent there,
And the sands are bright as the stars that glow,
In the motionless fields of upper air,
And life in rare and beautiful forms,
Is sporting amid those bowers of stone,
And is safe when the wrathful spirit of storms
Has made the top of the waves his own.”

But as we dared not longer linger we turned our faces homeward, and our backs upon the world of water. We concluded to travel by another route and visit the grove of Big Trees. We found the road in excellent condition, and the beautiful forest scenes were repeated, only the trees and shrubs seemed to have taken on more loveliness, for Autumn had touched her brush here and there, adding new and brighter shades to the foliage, and a deeper sense of rest and quietude brooded everywhere.

In the afternoon we came to the

road leading off to the Big Trees, and turning into a little field we pitched our tent and then walked to the grove, a very pleasant way through shady dells and across a musical mountain brook.

The trees would have seemed more wonderful if we had not passed through the forests of immense redwoods of Mendocino county before coming here.

The "General Fremont" is said to have been honored by the presence of the famous General years ago. It is sixty feet in circumference, and has two holes cut for windows, and another for a stove pipe, as a family lived in it during a cold winter.

The "Jumbo" is a stately tree and has a large curious knot projecting from one side, and people whose imaginative powers are strong, say it is the exact shape of an elephant's head and trunk.

The "Twin Sisters" are tall and

straight, and united at the root where they measure one hundred and twelve feet in circumference.

But here in the midst of the beautiful and mighty handiwork of God, Satan has one of his little degrading workshops. We had seen these treacherous man-traps scattered along our journey of near five hundred miles, but we did not expect to see one in this secluded place. As we returned to our tent thinking how the snares of Satan are everywhere spread to capture the young, and wondering when the curse of alcohol would disappear, we noticed a very large redwood stump that showed signs of decay. Around this stump stood nine beautiful trees, perhaps twenty feet high and at nearly equal distances apart, forming a circular bower of loveliness.

And we thought as those green and flourishing trees will bye and bye destroy that stump, so the glorious circle

of temperance men and women who are banded together to work for the good of suffering humanity, will eventually destroy the whiskey traffic. Next morning we unfortunately chose a very poor road across the mountains, and we found it rough and steep, and the day was hot and the way grew so tiresome that we anxiously looked for the top of the mountain, which we did not reach until about sundown.

We were granted permission by a gentleman who lived there to put our tent in his yard and the horses in the stable, as we were out of feed. We had expected to reach Skyland, but coming another road were not able to do so.

The next day being the Sabbath we remained in camp until late in the afternoon, and then walked forth over a little vine-clad hill that was set like a crown on the mountain's brow to bathe in the heavenly sunlight of the Lord's day, and look from nature to

nature's God. Although the king of day was pouring his effulgence upon us, and the sky was clear, and there was scarcely a breath of wind to stir the leaves on the trees, we could not see the ocean.

While we looked up into the bright sky we could also look down on the clouds, which were spread over the face of the great deep even to the very horizon.

On this soft blue mantle of the sea there seemed to be a gentle motion like that of the mirage on the desert, or the waving of silken drapery in a king's palace. But in a short time that mystical robe was folded like a vesture and laid away in the beautiful mansion of God, and the deep blue ocean lay at our feet, apparently not more than a mile beneath us.

We had been near two days in reaching the summit, a distance of about twenty miles from Alhambra, but now

we were startled to find that we had risen only a little above the dashing waves and that the broad Pacific was still spread out before us. Had the ocean followed us up the mountain, or had we during the night fallen back towards our old camp on the beach? But as we knew these to be impossibilities, we could only account for our surprise by considering the fact that great things appear near, while smaller objects appear far away. The heavenly bodies seem near while we imagine men on the plains to be separated from us by such vast distances.

Here we were led to reflect on the great boundless ocean of God's everlasting love which is always near—although sometimes on account of our earthward wanderings and clouds of unbelief, our spiritual vision is so obstructed that we cannot behold the height and depth, the length and breadth of that divine compassion which "angels desire to

look into." But when those intervening clouds are driven away by the bright rays of the sun of righteousness, we gaze with amazement upon the riches of grace and wonder why we ever imagined ourselves so remotely exiled from the unbounded ocean of everlasting love and omnipotence!

On this high elevation the land is very productive, the fruit trees, grapevines and cereals yielding abundantly; while the sheep and cattle seemed to thrive on the brown mountain side.

We were not long the next day in reaching the beautiful valley with its pleasant homes.

Near the foot of the range and north of Los Gatos we were shown a French prune orchard containing one hundred and sixty acres, from which the fruit that year was sold for sixteen thousand dollars.

The proprietors of some of the orchards have their own canneries and

evaporators, but the most of the fruit is taken to the Los Gatos and San Jose canneries, which are hives of industry, filled with busy workers who take the luscious fruit as it comes from the trees, and after skillful manipulation send it forth sealed and labeled so that those who live in less fortunate portions of the United States and in far away countries may enjoy California luxuries.

While passing through this charming valley of fruit and flowers we concluded to go a few miles out of our regular course to visit the daughters of John Brown.

Our young companions who had read the history of the zealous friend of the Negro and his quixotic undertaking, together with his tragical death, were much surprised on learning that two of his children were living only a few miles from the main thoroughfare, and they would not consent to leave the

valley without visiting them.

Our road from Los Gatos to Saratoga lay near the foot-hills, so that while we admired the level valley farms on our right, we also had a grand view of the houses, fields, pastures, orchards and vineyards on the mountain side.

While conversing with a gentleman in regard to the wealth and advantages of the country, he pointed to a little spot away on what seemed to be the very summit of the range, and said, for several years that was the home of Mrs. John Brown and children, and that it was a beautiful place when once there.

From Saratoga we headed our team in an easterly direction, and soon reached the place where John Brown's daughters lived.

On entering the house we were greeted by two very pleasant ladies and immediately made to feel at home. They assured us that we were not the only ones who had called to see them, but

that they were visited by people from all parts of the country. The eldest daughter had recently lost her position in the government service, owing to the change in the administration.

The youngest is married and has a family of intelligent children. They told us many interesting adventures connected with their early life, before, after, and while crossing the plains, thus making our visit a pleasure long to be remembered. After bidding farewell to those who to us had previously been mere historical characters, but now intimate acquaintances and warm-hearted friends, we returned to our wagon and resumed our journey. As the sun was now sinking low in the West, our horses were encouraged to double their speed so as to reach San Jose before dark.

When near the city we came upon the wonderful street known as the Alameda. It is three miles long, and

smooth and solid as a stone floor. On either side, and also along the centre, are rows of large trees, thus forming a perfect shade.

On this avenue were many fast horses and fine carriages in which scores of young ladies and gentlemen were enjoying an evening's ride. As the sun went down and the stars began to shine, we pitched our tent on a vacant lot in the heart of the city, and after our evening's meal we went to a large tent where a protracted meeting was in progress.

But we were disappointed, the congregation was small, and not much spiritual food in the sermon. The main effort of the preacher seemed to be to explain away the plain simple meaning of certain passages in the Bible and to prove all orthodox theologians were in the dark.

At San Jose the scene of welcoming the G. A. R. was to be repeated. This

city, however, was so level that we could not watch the approach of the conquering heroes from any eminence, but the multitudes gathered in front of the Court House, where a stand was erected for the honorable speakers. The building was beautifully decorated, as also was the stand, and the vast concourse, arrayed in holiday attire, were patiently awaiting the great procession, and when the brave generals appeared, cheer after cheer went up from the patriotic assemblage.

Mayor Breyfogle gave them a gracious welcome. Commander-in-Chief Fairchilds made response, "Our eyes have seen the glory of the Lord this morning, and our hearts are rejoiced at the sight of this beautiful valley and city. Many of us have come from thousands of miles away to this golden shore, and if there is an old soldier in all this gathering that ever regretted the pains, the bruises, the heartaches caused by or

incident to the war, his balm has come in his journey across this broad land, in witnessing the prosperity that has come to all portions of our beloved country."

General Logan was received with hearty cheers and several enthusiastic admirers exclaimed "Our next President." After a moment's silence he said: "I do not see how anyone could make a speech to this vast audience; I certainly cannot. All I have to say to-day is this: Something more than forty years ago this country was settled by Americans. You have given us a grand and patriotic reception, for which we are all under many obligations to the patriotic citizens of this beautiful city. To California we give the honors of having given the grandest reception to the old soldiers that we have had anywhere in our country. For that we return our most heartfelt thanks. Our friend Lee said something

about Ohio. We all agree that Ohio is a great State. But there are other people represented here as well as those of Ohio. They may not be as good, perhaps, but there are as many of them. Massachusetts, Connecticut, Maine, New York, Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Ohio (of course), Indiana, Illinois, and all of the States that participated in preserving this great government. For all these States I take responsibility of saying that all the visitors have been gratified at the manner in which they have been received by the people of California, and each and every one will carry home in his heart gratitude to this people for their kindness and generous bearing towards the old veterans that have come so far to visit this golden shore. Ladies and gentlemen, I thank you for the manner in which I myself have been treated. I thank you for your kindness and generosity, and I hope the time will come .

when we shall meet here or elsewhere, and that you may enjoy health, peace, happiness and prosperity."

As General Logan left the stand in the midst of deafening cheers how little did any in the great congregation realize that his life was so soon to end on earth! And, as for himself, to all appearances in perfect health, he probably had not the slightest idea that the bright sun of his promising life was about to go down at noon.

After the concluding address the party adjourned to enjoy the lunch in St. James Park. Although the grounds were not arranged so artistically as at Santa Cruz, the tables were protected from the too fervent rays of the sun by canvas awnings, and decorated with evergreens and flowers.

The lunch was bountiful, and it was estimated that eight thousand persons ate to repletion. Among the decorations in the park was an immense slab

of ice, weighing one thousand pounds, from the Los Gatos Ice Manufactory. Frozen in the slab were four baskets, two of fruit and two of flowers, maintaining their original color and shape.

After lunch we ascended the dome of the Court House and looked over the "Garden City." It is no wonder that the residents are proud of their beautiful valley. On the East lay the foothills, and the vineyards, orchards, gardens and stubble fields, with their different colors, light and dark, presenting an appearance that we could liken to nothing less than an immense crazy quilt. And all the surrounding valley was teeming with beauty, wealth, and prosperity, while the city itself was a vast scene of joyous festivity. Every business house, and all the principal residences were gracefully decorated with flags, badges, and other appropriate emblems of welcome. The most conspicuous and profusely decorated was

the electric tower. From the top of the tower, a distance of two hundred feet, depended at each corner a line of flags, shields, and Grand Army emblems. A large gilt ball was swinging in the center of the tower, and long lines of bunting diverged from this ball forming a lovely canopy. On two sides were G. A. R. badges, about seven feet in length, and on the corners large portraits of the leading generals, Grant, Sherman, Logan, Sheridan and several others. Then the arches and girders were twined with evergreens, which gave a rich and beautiful effect to the whole structure.

Among the bright new banners displayed throughout the city, there floated some of the old tattered and battle-worn flags which had cheered many a brave soldier on to victory, or death. After the day's parade was over we accepted the invitation of kind friends to camp at the Willows—two miles from the

business part of the city—and were soon pleasantly resting under the shade of a wide-spreading walnut tree. In the evening we had the pleasure of accompanying the family to the Horticultural Hall, where the San Joseans had an exhibition of fruit, flowers and works of art. There were very many artistic and striking arrangements. One most unique was a chariot made of different seeds, standing in a field of grain, with a lady arrayed to represent the goddess Ceres sitting in the chariot.

A beautiful representation of the goddess Pomona was a handsome ship laden with tempting fruit entering the Golden Gate. The ocean was bounded by tiny sketches of California scenery, showing the different trees, ferns and grasses of the country, while in the background were glimpses of Lake Tahoe and New York harbor. An altar of beautiful blossoms of every shade and variety had been erected to the goddess.

Flora, whose statue adorned with bright hued garlands, crowned the lovely structure.

The statue of "Ruth the Gleaner" was artistically arranged with cereals and grasses.

A large bear was also added to the other attractions. Not a dangerous grizzly, but one more pleasant looking and interesting formed of moss and flowers.

The gallery walls were covered with a grand collection of pictures, all interesting and some most beautiful. Around the hall were tables loaded, yes, almost groaning beneath their burden of fruit; for every kind of fruit—and the best specimens—that is raised in California had been brought here to prove that all the credit ascribed to this State is fully merited.

It would be in vain to attempt a description of the wealth and beauty here displayed, but we could fully sympathize

with the sentiment of a small boy who was standing with a large cluster of purple grapes in one hand and a two pound pear in the other as he exclaimed, "I tell you California is the *boss* place for a boy like me."

CHAPTER IX.

THE ORPHANS' HOME.

We remained at the Willows over the Sabbath. In the morning and evening we attended church, where we heard two excellent sermons. In the afternoon we accepted a kind invitation to dine with our friends, after which we spent an hour with them in a pleasant Bible service.

Before leaving this great center of population, we concluded to ascend the mountains east of the city in order to have an elevated and better view of one of the most beautiful valleys in the world.

We harnessed our team early in the morning and were soon climbing the meandering road and passing fertile farms some of which seemed almost standing on edge. As the day was hot

and the road far steeper than we had expected to find it, we did not reach the most elevated point until late in the afternoon.

From this exalted position we had a fine view of the fertile valley as it lay like a vast plain before us, checked with straight roads, dotted with thousands of costly houses, and gloriously ornamented with vineyards and orchards.

Away in the distance was the southern extremity of the bay, glistening in the sunlight, and pointing like a finger of the ocean directly toward us, while between the end of that ocean-finger and the mountain on which we stood lay quietly nestled among flourishing trees the little town of Milpitas.

And then a long train of cars seemed to shoot out of the city and went gliding away through the distant fields, to us as noiseless as the retreat of some monster serpent.

Here we were reminded of Moses as

he stood on the heights of Nebo viewing the promised land which he could not possess. The country before us was indeed a goodly land flowing with milk and honey and strewn with purple grapes and blushing peaches, a land of rose-fringed gardens and sparkling fountains, a land within whose borders an acre is an Eden and a cottage a palace, a land of cloudless summers, golden days, and balmy nights. But in it we had no home, no inheritance. "Luck and chance happeneth to all men," and how fortunate were those who settled in this rich valley in an early day. If they did not find the fountain of youth, they found a natural garden and one of the most delightful places outside of paradise. We returned by a different road which seemed like the staging on the side of a high building as we looked into the green canyon so far beneath our feet.

We were not long however in reach-

ing the valley, and as the sun was not yet down, we had a lovely view of the surrounding country and also the pleasant home of Rusticus, and thought that we better than ever before understood why his pen like Aaron's rod could blossom into such deep and flowery sentences. The tree of life yields its fruit every month, but the pen of Rusticus yields its fruit every week!

Some noted author has advised young people to read a rich book before attempting to write for the press. But Dr. B—— reads the book of nature, the very book from whose fragrant and delicate pages our Saviour taught his disciples such precious lessons of faith. And this book is open and reveals some of its brightest pictures on every side of his house. We reached our tent as the twilight was gathering around us.

On the following day we started for home and as our horses had enjoyed a

long rest we moved over the road with considerable speed. That night we camped near Danville, and the next night at dark reached Martinez, where we had considerable difficulty in finding a place to camp, as the bitter feeling towards campers had not yet died out.

Early the next morning we crossed the ferry, passed through Benicia and reached Vallejo about the middle of the day. We left the boys to prepare the lunch while we visited the Good Templars' Orphan Home.

It is a fine large building, situated on a high hill which commands a grand view of the bay and surrounding country. The school house stands but a few feet from the main edifice.

The matron was very kind and seemed pleased to show us through the establishment. The inmates had just recovered from a siege of measles, there having been over ninety cases, but such good attention had they received that

among so many taken from homes of poverty and disease only three or four proved fatal.

The rooms were all pleasant and the beds nice and comfortable. In the nursery we found some little suffering children who had just been brought from the homes of drunkards, and our eyes filled with tears as we gazed on the wan pinched features and emaciated forms. One was covered with bruises and sores which too plainly indicated the treatment it had received from those whose love and sympathy had been utterly destroyed by the demon of strong drink.

But the children who had been there long enough to recover from the chill of their miserable homes, seemed well, contented and happy. They were greeted with smiles and caresses, and had an abundance of clothing and food. We visited the well filled store-room and were in the kitchen and dining-room as

dinner was being prepared, and a better or more substantial meal is not needed in any home. The yards and playrooms were pleasant and convenient for all kinds of weather.

We have forgotten how many were old enough to attend school, but there were four rooms well filled, and they appeared as attentive and orderly as pupils in any ordinary school, and some we noticed were very quick in their answers.

Each department in this large Home seemed to be under the care of judicious and well trained helpers, and we think the Good Templars may well be proud of having rescued so many helpless children from an evil life and given them a chance to rise in the world.

It seems to me that no reasonable person after visiting this purely benevolent institution could speak lightly of the I. O. G. T. If their work should accomplish nothing more, they should

be held in high esteem by all lovers of suffering humanity. So many innocent children, many of whom as some one has said "were not born but damned into the world," fed, clothed, educated and trained up in the way they should go.

May the Good Templars go forward with this glorious work, until the victory is won and there will be no need of charitable homes for drunkards' children!

Leaving Vallejo late in the afternoon we traveled but a few miles before the sun went down, and we were granted permission to camp in an open field near the road. We had scarcely begun to prepare supper when a boy brought us a pail full of fresh milk which we all enjoyed very much.

The next morning we were early on the road, passing vast vineyards that were loaded with green, red, and purple grapes which hung in immense clusters

from the bending vines, and some were resting on the ground. Occasionally we would see a passer-by alight from his horse or carriage, and step among the drooping vines and in a moment return with three or four bunches of the delicious fruit. They did this with as much composure and indifference as though they were among their own vines. As our young folks desired some of the tempting grapes and we did not wish to encourage them to take what did not belong to them, we called at a house to purchase a small quantity to eat on the way.

But when the lady of the house said "help yourselves" we concluded that in this country the law of Moses is fully recognized and endorsed, "When thou comest into thy neighbor's vineyard, then thou mayest eat grapes thy fill at thine own pleasure, but thou shalt not put any in thy vessel." It is certainly a great privilege for a poor, weary

traveler on a hot day to eat freely of such luscious fruit "without money and without price," and at the same time to know that there is no suspicious eye upon him.

And thus the generosity and nobleness of the people were clearly revealed.

Late in the afternoon we reached the residence of a friend, who for two years had been a near neighbor, but had moved away about a year before this time. We stopped our team a short distance from the house and Eda took a pail and went in and asked her old friend for some water.

As the lady returned from the well, she asked, "Which way are you going?" and as Eda attempted to reply, she said, "Oh you little rogue," and pushing back the broad sun-hat kissed her affectionately.

We were immediately invited into the parlor and our horses put into the barn. Here we enjoyed a very pleas-

ant visit of three days and were treated with more than kindness. On the Sabbath we rode with our friends in a fine carriage to Napa City and listened to an unusually eloquent and forcible sermon, a portion of which we still remember. The home of our friends was on one side of the valley and on elevated ground, consequently we were able to see the dark hills beyond the plain. After returning from church, and as the lovely Sabbath was flying away toward the west, and fluttering its golden plumage over the distant hills and filling the pure atmosphere with its glowing radiance, we endeavored to recall our thoughts, and words, and actions, and wondered if the departing Lord's day would return with an olive leaf to meet us in the dying hour, and cheer us at the entrance of the dark valley.

We are so apt when meeting with precious friends, from whom we have

long been separated, to spend even much of the Sabbath in speaking our own words. Old time scenes must be recalled, losses, crosses and disappointments must be rehearsed, future prospects must be noticed, children's present and future welfare must not be overlooked, and thus how easy to allow the precious moments of Sunday to glide away without drawing from them such spiritual strength as they are intended to bestow on the spiritually minded Christian. And thus many times

"In the varied range of thought
The one thing needful is forgot."

But after the day had flown beyond our sight, and the silvery dawn had disappeared in the shadow of the western hills, we opened the Bible and read the word of light and life, and then bowed around the family altar and implored pardon for the mistakes and negligence of the day, and committed

ourselves to the sacred care of him who never sleeps.

Our visit was so pleasant, it was with feelings of sadness we bade our friends adieu and continued our journey homeward. The day was delightful, and through the pure atmosphere we could see far down towards the shimmering bay, and far along the mountains in the direction of St. Helena, and across the vale where vineyards were clinging to the foothills, and flowers adorned cottages, from whose clear windows could be seen a vast and beautiful country, over which daily trains move with lightning speed. .

CHAPTER X.

INSANE ASYLUM.

When we reached the Napa Insane Asylum, to gratify the curiosity of all the party, we concluded to visit this wonderful institution.

As we tied our horses and started toward the great edifice, Linnie wondered which one of the company the people would think was going there to remain. And judging from the manner in which several finely dressed ladies and gentlemen looked at us, there was no small effort to decide which was the lunatic.

After passing the main entrance, the guide took us into one of the wards which was filled with women, some of whom were melancholy and quiet, others seemed happy and talked incessantly. Before we were half way through the ward, we were surrounded

by the latter class, each endeavoring to claim our attention to some amusing or ridiculous story.

One middle aged woman said she knew us all and was very glad to meet us again. Another seemed anxious to talk on the subject of religion. She said the last minister who preached for them was a good preacher and a nice looking man, but she did not like him because he had such big feet. She did not seem to comprehend the scripture which says, "How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace."

While passing through the men's department, we noticed several large, fleshy young fellows around a table playing cards. They appeared to us to be in perfect health, and we wondered if some of them had not deceived the physician and succeeded in obtaining a home in the asylum where they could live comfortably without work.

We also noticed a tall, venerable looking man who was walking back and forth the whole length of the ward talking very earnestly all the while, and were told that he was a minister. This to us did not seem strange, because when we consider the trials, anxieties and hardships of most ministers, we cannot but think it a miracle of God's mercy that many more do not go insane.

Before we had gone half way through the building, several hundreds of those who were not dangerous and many of them convalescent, were let out into the yards; and leaving Harry and Ben in front of the asylum, we went with the guide among more than two hundred crazy women. Here was every type of insanity in its mild form. One young woman, somewhat fantastically dressed, claimed to be the Queen of England, and would not associate with the others. Another said she was Lady

Washington. One little hump-backed woman, perhaps forty years of age, ran up to Will, threw her arms around him and said, "O Jimmy, Jimmy, I am so glad to see you."

Will blushed like a child and endeavored to get away from the little lunatic, as he afterwards called her, but she continued to cling to him, exclaiming, "No, no, you needn't let on like you don't know me. We were engaged, and your cruel father wouldn't let you marry me."

The poor boy succeeded in freeing himself from her embrace and hastened beyond her reach and seemed very anxious to leave the enclosure, as he did not know who would be the next one to claim him. As our brave young man was endeavoring to retreat, some of the inmates looked as if they felt indignant to think one of their company should be so rude and unladylike; others clapped their hands and laughed as

heartily as little children at play.

Another who was quite young and had rather a mischievous look, followed immediately behind the guide, stepping very cautiously and bending low as if to conceal herself, and, at the same time, pointing with both forefingers toward the back of his head. We inquired for one whose parents we knew, and she was presently brought by one of the ladies in attendance, but she seemed somewhat sullen and answered our questions mostly in monosyllables, until asked if she did not want to see her folks, when she replied, "No, they are all too crazy." We had much sympathy for this unfortunate girl and her friends. She belongs to an excellent family, and was herself a bright and lovely young lady before she lost her mind. After leaving this yard, we were again taken into the building and conducted to a window, from which we could see the men, who in like manner

had been let out for exercise and recreation. Here we beheld a pandemonium. Some were quarrelling, some were singing, some were preaching, some were talking politics and religion, and many were uttering bitter oaths. Passages of scripture and the name of God were mingled with awful profanity. Even those who pretended to preach the gospel interspersed their solemn and earnestly spoken words with such blasphemous expressions, that we shuddered and turned away with horror. We were taken into the drug department, which contained all the medicines necessary for such an institution, and also many curiosities. The physician had the appearance of a pleasant, kind-hearted and courteous gentleman, and after a short conversation, we felt assured that he was the right man in the right place.

The kitchen interested the girls, as everything was on such a large scale

and in complete order. The range was immense, and the kettles, which were filled with oat meal and graham mush, we thought would hold more than a barrel each, and we were told that they used nearly seven barrels of flour daily. There were about fourteen hundred patients in the asylum, besides the employees.

Beneath the building were railroads and cars, on which the provisions were carried to the elevators and then raised into the several dining rooms and placed on the tables, or taken to those who were unable to leave their rooms. Thus the inhabitants were necessarily compelled to await the arrival of the train three times daily in order to receive their regular meals.

As we passed from the building, we found the convalescents enjoying the freedom of the flower bordered walks, lawns and arbors, while a band was playing for their entertainment.

They all seemed to enjoy the music, and, at the conclusion, one woman caught a hat from the head of a person standing near, and ran from one to another, as if to take a collection.

After returning to our wagon, we drove around the asylum, which we were told is just a mile. We allowed our horses to walk slowly in order to have a better view of this wonderful edifice, with its lofty domes, numerous windows and irregular form.

Through most of the windows we could see faces. Some were calm and pleasant, and others wore the expression of gloom, telling more plainly than words could express of internal grief and blighted hopes. One middle aged woman thrust her arm out between the bars and pointing to us exclaimed, "just from Missouri."

Leaving the asylum, we passed through the beautiful city of Napa, and then for several miles almost one vast

vineyard, in which hundreds of Chinamen were at work gathering, boxing and loading in wagons for the wineries tons of grapes, which if not as large as those of Eschol, were, no doubt, equal in beauty and flavor. But the thousands of tons of grapes raised in this valley are mostly made into wine and much of it drunk by the people of California. Those who are engaged in the lucrative occupation believe they are doing nothing contrary to the laws of God or the spirit of the gospel, and many of them are active church members.

One writer, when speaking of grape culture in this valley remarks, "Why, a little generous wine ought to enrich the blood and inspire nobility of thought. If it does more than this—if it becomes a demon to drive men and hogs into the sea—then it is evident that both were on too low a plane of existence for any safe exaltation. But shall the vineyards be rooted up for all this? It

is better to drown the swine and let the grapes still grow purple on the hillsides."

We could see some reason in such a sentiment if there were none to suffer except the swine. But if the blood of the grape flowing into and enriching the noble blood of the swine can change them into ferocious wolves and tigers and send them into ten thousand homes to tear out the hearts of women and innocent children, and stain doors and hearthstones with their blood and brains, then in God's name root up the vineyards and let the swine die a natural death.

The drunkard's pale faced wife and emaciated child need only kind treatment and wholesome food to enrich their blood and ennoble their thoughts. But they are deprived of these blessings by the blood enriching and thought inspiring wine that is poured into the stomachs of their liege lords.

We believe if those grapes were made

into raisins and used freely instead of wine, they would be more enriching to the blood and more inspiring to the thoughts without the evil consequences that often follow the drinking of wine, and women and children could equally and conscientiously share the blessings with their husbands and big boys.

Christian people would not encourage wine making if it was not a profitable business, consequently, those who prefer to put a stumbling block in a weak brother's way, rather than follow in poverty the blood stained footsteps of the Master, who had not where to lay his head, should look well to their ways.

We reached the town of Rutherford a little before sunset and pitched our tent in front of the cemetery, whose silent residents seemed nearer to us and on fully as intimate terms as the many who passed and repassed, glancing casually at our mystical residence, which,

like Jonah's gourd, sprang up at night only to disappear in the morning.

That evening we accepted the invitation of the country church bell and attended religious services. The sanctuary was well filled, and the sermon was practical, instructive and delivered with considerable earnestness.

The next forenoon we reached St. Helena, one of the neatest and most beautiful towns we had seen. Here we tarried to visit a number of acquaintances, and then passed along through the same vast vineyard to Calistoga. This village is near the head of the valley and the terminus of the railroad. Here there are several hot springs, which are said to possess great medicinal properties. One is called the chicken broth spring, but, judging from the taste, we thought it a poor substitute for chicken broth. We were told that laundry women sometimes did their washing at one of these springs in order to save fuel.

CHAPTER XI.

CROSSING ST. HELENA.

The next morning we began to ascend the well known St. Helena mountain. We started early, so as to arrive as near as we possibly could to the summit before the heat of the day, as the road in places was very steep and it was five miles to the top.

Although the air was cool and fragrant with dying flowers, withering grass, and fading leaves, the rising sun seemed to roll from the far distant hills a flood of glory upon us, and in the pine trees through whose green and silent branches glimmered the morning sunbeams the happy little birds were chanting anthems of praise to the Creator of all.

Occasionally we would stop to look back upon the road over which we had

traveled and view the valley beneath, and as we ascended the mountain new scenes continually burst upon our vision. The road was wide and far from being dangerous, yet from one place we could look into a ravine to a depth of two or three hundred feet.

The girls who preferred to walk were not backward in expressing their admiration of the many pleasing and interesting scenes.

They would look into the deep mountain vases from which vast, fragrant, and evergreen boquets arose, filling the morning air with a rich and spicy perfume.

Then they would gaze upward among the low bushes with which the rocks were modestly adorned. Occasionally they would stop in the shade of some spreading oak or drooping pine to admire the morning rays that fell like glittering grains of diamond dust among the scalloped leaves and slender needles;

and also to speak pleasant words to the little birds that ventured near as if desirous of becoming better acquainted and knowing more of that creature who was made in the "image of God."

It was near the middle of the day, when we reached the summit, and although we had moved so slowly and stopped so frequently we were a little tired and consequently concluded to tarry on the mountain top "and rest a while."

All the way up the winding stairs of three thousand feet the horizon widened to our view, and now as we stood on the roof of Helena's vast and lofty structure we could look far away beyond other towering pinnacles into the blue and purple haze of the misty cloud land, while just below us lay the pleasant village of Calistoga with its hot springs and feathery palms.

A lively breeze was now passing through the trees, and a few curled and

woolly clouds were flying with eagle's flight above our heads, causing the shadows to glide across the valley and up the mountain side with the velocity of the red deer that once ran unmolested over these very grounds.

And as we gazed above us, beneath us, and around us, one of our company repeated the words of a modern traveler as he stood on the summit of Mount Tabor.

"Thought after thought in countless throng
Comes chasing countless thought along."

After we had rested and carefully viewed the surrounding country, we plunged into the dark woods on the north side of the mountain and began to descend toward a little valley far in the distance.

Here we did not find the road quite as steep as on the south side, but it wound back and forth in a remarkable manner. At one place Ben and Harry sprang from the wagon, ran down a

rugged declivity and stood in the road at least a half mile in advance of the team.

In a short time we had for a traveling companion a beautiful little stream that for several miles marched abreast of the horses. It danced and laughed and sang so sweetly that we almost forgot we were "homeward bound" as we listened to the soft tunes that the joyful brook played on the stone keys and willow harps.

This enchanting streamlet was still robed in summer attire, and adorned with grass and flowers that were fresh and fragrant, while its cheerful brow was fanned by the waving ferns.

It occasionally kissed the drooping boughs of the fir, and breathed on the tassels of the pine, and sprinkled the fading leaves of the oak as if desirous of seeing them refreshed.

At the foot of the mountain we parted with our babbling companion which

turned off in another direction and disappeared among tall madronas and pines that stood in the shade of the dark hills with only their topmost boughs penetrating the golden sunlight.

About the middle of the afternoon we reached the village of Middletown, situated near the centre of a fertile and well cultivated valley.

Here our young campers enjoyed a pleasant visit with a number of those who had been their schoolmates.

From Middletown we continued our journey and after passing many beautiful farms and a large flouring mill we found ourselves slowly ascending another mountain which from its peculiar shape is called Mt. Cobb.

About dark we reached the toll gate, when a little man, without saying a word, reached out his hand for the money.

Our horses were now tired, but as we could find no suitable spot for our

wagon and tent, we moved on and reached the summit about nine o'clock.

Here we concluded to camp by the roadside in the midst of huge rocks.

Presently the boys had a roaring fire blazing from a hollow place on the top of a rock that was as large as a small house, and on that foundation of solid stone we surrounded the bright fire that lit up the trees around, to drink our tea from tin cups, and enjoy our stale bread and broiled rabbit steak.

CHAPTER XII.

HOME AT LAST.

The next morning was the Sabbath, and as we were very uncomfortably situated, we arose early and drove to Glenbrook, a distance of four miles.

The descent was not steep and the pleasant woods, the picturesque rocks, the fallen trees, moss and fern covered, which surrounded us on every side, enabled us to decide that this was the most delightful mountain we had found in our journey.

We soon reached a little *glen* and *brook* between two mountains, and one of the loveliest summer resorts in the State.

The brook fed by living springs which have their birth in the cool, leafy re-

ceses of the mountains, ripples with a musical flow over the rocks all through the long, dry summer, and the water is ever clear and cold.

Here we camped over the Sabbath, close by a little fall in the shade of the willows which grew along the brink, and if the weather had not been quite so warm this would have been a delightful camping ground.

Among the green grass which bordered the stream were blooming many varieties of lovely wild flowers, while the grapevines and feathery clematis bending their graceful forms over the limpid brook found cosy hiding places where the care-free birds swayed to and fro entertaining us with their sweetest notes of melody, which, mingling with the gentle cadence of the waterfall, made music which seemed in perfect harmony with the quiet rest of the Sabbath.

As we watched the happy birds that went darting back and forth among the

boughs so full of life and happiness, we thought of the words of Luther. When in deep distress of mind, he pointed to a little bird that was singing sweetly, and said: "Happy creature; he leaves God to think for him."

What a blessing it would be if Christians would allow their Heavenly Father to think for them, instead of training all the energies of body and mind to think for themselves.

"They that are led by the Spirit of God are the sons of God;" but, in order to be led by the Spirit of God, we must allow Him to think for us, and thus our thoughts are His thoughts.

The quiet of our Sabbath was broken by only one accident.

Harry thought he must ride one of the horses to water, and passing up a steep place along the stream, the willow boughs brushed him off and he fell about ten feet head first into the water.

Ben, who was leading the horse, began to scream for Will.

Harry had made no outcry, but was struggling around with only the top of his head out of the water, when Will plunged in and brought him out.

Some one asked Harry why he did not swim, and he replied earnestly, "I did my very best."

Then Eda said, "Why Harry, do you think it is right for a little boy to go swimming to-day?"

He answered quickly, "It ain't wicked to go swimming Sunday when you don't know you're going until you're gone."

Fortunately the water was very deep, so the fall did not injure him and our Sabbath closed with feelings of gratitude and happiness.

The next morning we began to climb Mt. Hanna. We do not know why it received this name, but as it immediately adjoins the lofty *Uncle Sam* that stands erect with his head often bathed

in the nimbus clouds near three-quarters of a mile above the shimmering lake that slumbers at his feet, we wondered why it was not called *Aunt Hanna*.

There are vast quantities of shining black stones scattered over this mountain, which some call obsidian and others say are pieces of lava thrown up by some volcano which is now extinct.

Although while on Mt. Hanna we were below the shoulders of Uncle Sam, we nevertheless had a fine view of the country that lay before and so far beneath us.

The morning we started on our journey we left Clear Lake on the north, but now we are approaching it from the south, from whence it appears to better advantage.

It is true from this mountain we could not see all the lake because it is about thirty-five miles long and varying in width from four to fifteen miles,

yet we could look down on the center and broadest portion of this beautiful sheet of water. And while one of its arms extended north among little hills and valleys, and fertile farms, where the wild flower blooms and the tule waves, where peaches and plums ripen in the shade of the oak, where the snowy sheep and the hunted deer are near neighbors and graze on the same ground, the other arm was thrown around the waist of Uncle Sam.

Lake County has been called the Switzerland of America, and certainly no spot on this continent is more deserving of the significant title.

Besides the striking resemblance of climate, Clear Lake is near the size and form of Geneva, while the wonderful chain of Blue Lakes possess a striking resemblance to the blue Thun and Brienz and also the Lucerne.

And then the valleys enclosed by mountain walls, mostly small 'tis true,

but even in midwinter they are carpeted with green grass and strewn with delicate flowers and in summer yielding burdens of wheat, alfalfa and fruit.

If we compare Big Valley, Scotts Valley, and Bachelor Valley with Chamouni, Zermatt, and Grindewald of Switzerland, we will find that the former are not very much surpassed by the latter in any respect.

Lake county, no doubt, has a promising future, because it is not yet thoroughly known that its peculiar combination of lake and valley and mountain and forest atmosphere is a balm for nearly all diseases, while among its hundreds of medicinal springs any invalid may find, if not a permanent cure, at least a speedy relief.

At Witter Springs, one mile east of Blue Lakes and about six miles north of Clear Lake, is a bright little fountain, called the "Dead Shot," that has been known to cure a number of can-

cers, so wonderful is its blood cleansing power.

At the foot of Aunt Hanna we entered the village of Kelseyville, which stands half hidden by trees on the bank of a large flowing stream. Here, after traveling, perhaps, six hundred miles from our starting point, we behold scenery nearly equal to any on which we had looked in all our journey.

In the center of this town is an immense oak, which is far the largest we have ever seen.

Here is a gas well, into which if you drop on a dark night a lighted shaving, a bright blaze will spring up to light the streets.

Here is the best steam organ factory we have ever visited. It is filling the mountains and valleys with sweetest music and pouring its golden notes into many an humble home.

Immediately adjoining Kelseyville is a prune orchard, fully as beautiful and

as thrifty as any we had passed.

This town is a favored spot. It is bounded on the south by Uncle Sam and Aunt Hanna, on the east by a fertile plain, stretching away to the lake shore, on the west by the meandering stream and the green clad hills beyond, and on the north by rich farms, where sixty bushels of wheat to the acre has been grown partly in the shadow of broad spreading oaks, and it is surrounded by fine horses, cattle and flocks of sheep.

This quiet village contains four churches, and the commodious, well furnished and properly conducted Uncle Sam Hotel, where such as are overburdened by the excitement of city life, can find a superior place for rest and recuperation.

Leaving this town we passed along the valley road, on either side of which lay productive farms that are in no

way inferior to those in the large valleys of California.

Presently we reach Lakeport, which, like ancient Rome, is built on seven picturesque hills. In some time, in the not far distant future, this village will very probably be known as a great city on the shore of a beautiful lake and the center of a vast natural sanitarium. Lakeport has five churches, two weekly papers, large flouring mill, two banks and a fine school building.

Passing through this city of the Lake, we soon enter a little cottage which is empty, but not by any means "swept and garnished." And as we began to sing,

"Be it ever so humble,
There is no place like home,"

a six foot tramp appears at the door, and, after bowing very politely, he soars aloft on the wings of eloquence: "My name," he exclaims, "is John Wilson Doubleday. I am a cousin of Colonel J. W. Doubleday, you know; everybody

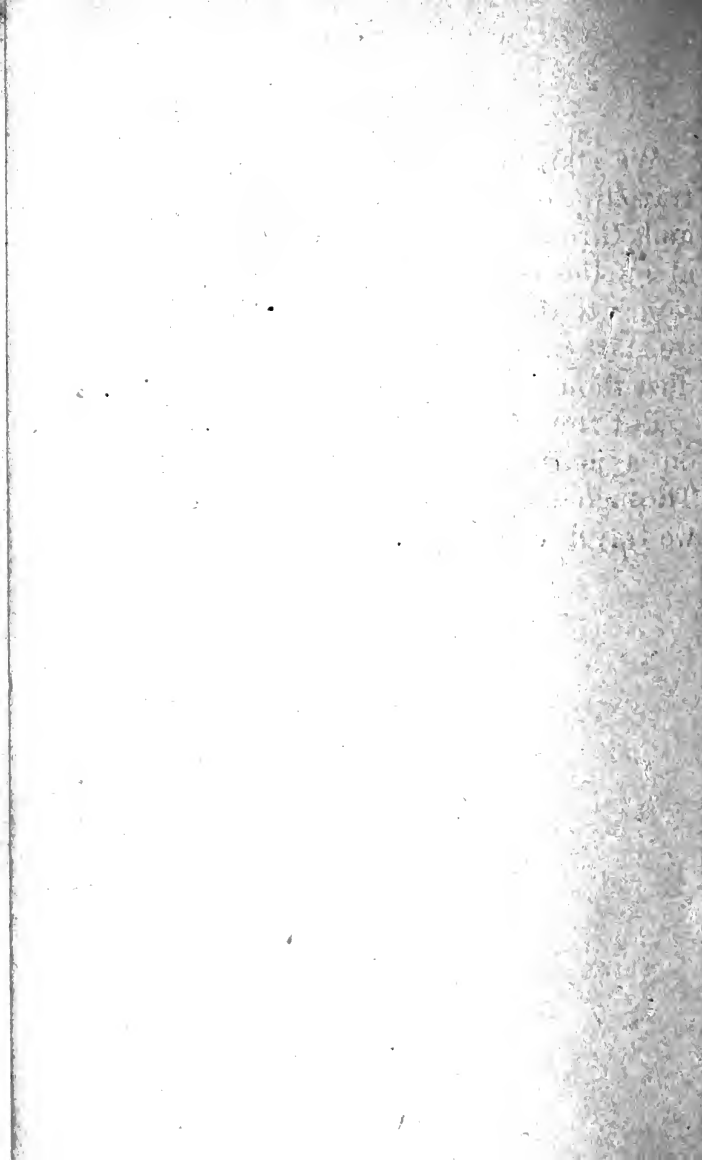
knows him. I am a gentleman, first class, you know, was raised a gentleman, but am out of money; the best of men will be strapped once in a while, you know, and I would like to stay with you a few days until I can get a position as captain of one of the steam-boats."

We concluded, not only from his wonderful eloquence, but the smell of his breath, that he was too familiar with *evil spirits* and had just come from one of their Lakeport dens; consequently, after giving him a lunch, we advised him to double day at some place where he could work for his board.

As the night gathered around us, we humbly thanked our Heavenly Father for his protecting care during our long journey, and also for bringing us all safely back to our homes. And as we retired to rest, we thought that our journey was an emblem of the journey of life.

We start out in infancy, and, after travelling over mountains of happiness, and through valleys of trouble and along the ocean of infinite grace, we return to the very place from whence we started. "Dust thou art and unto dust thou shalt return."

But from the death bed we start out on a journey that will never end. Through what kind of a country will we travel eternally?









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